

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. III.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1837.

No. X.

T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

\$5 PER ANNUM.

SPHEEKSPHOBIA:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF ABEL STINGFLYER, A. M.

A TRAGIC TALE.

By the Author of "The South-West" and "Lafitte."

A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throat of brass inspired with iron lungs.

Dryden.

One sultry summer afternoon, in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, I was riding, with my umbrella held perpendicularly above my head, and at an easy amble—for the sun was fiery hot, and I had travelled far—through the principal street of Port Gibson, one of the pleasantest villages in the state of Mississippi. As I was about to cross a long and venerable looking bridge on the northern outskirts of the town, I was startled by a loud and prolonged outcry behind me, as if its utterer were in imminent peril and great bodily fear. I turned my head, at the same time reining up, and beheld a strange figure swiftly approaching me, sending forth at the same time the most lamentable cries, the last still louder than the preceding. But his voice did not so much surprise me, as the eccentricity of his locomotion and the oddity of his appearance. He was a tall and gaunt man, without hat or shoes, and a calico scholar's gown streamed behind him in the wind, created by his rapid motion. His advance was not direct, but zig-zag: now he would dart with velocity to the right, and now as swiftly to the left, anon plunging under the bushes lining the road-side, and then diving down, and scrambling on all-fours in the middle of the road, kicking his heels into the air, and tossing the dust about him in clouds, so as to render him for the time invisible: he would then rise again with a fearful yell, and bolt forward in a right line, as if charging at me, filling the air with his cries all the while, and waving his arms wildly above his head, which at intervals received blows from his desperate fists, each one sufficient to fell an ox. I gazed in admiration on this singular spectacle, it may be, not without some misgivings of personal damage, to qualify which, in some degree, I turned the head of my horse, so as to interpose it between my person and the threatened danger. Onward he came, enveloped in a cloud of dust, at the best speed human legs could bestow; and disdaining to fly, I prepared to meet the charge as firmly as the valiant Knight of La Mancha would have done in the same circumstances. My steed, however, showed the better part of valor, and, notwithstanding much coaxing and soothing, began to wax skittish, and as the danger grew more imminent, he suddenly made a demi-volte across the bridge, and turned broadside to the enemy, which was close aboard of us, thereby effectually blockading the highway. Hardly had he effected this change in his position, before the madman or apparition, for I deemed it to be one or the other, coming 'in such a questionable shape,'

instead of leaping upon me like a hyena, as I anticipated, dove, and with a mortal yell passed clean under my horse's belly, and, before he could diminish his momentum, disappeared over the parapetless bridge into the river beneath. On hearing the plunge, I alighted from my horse, who was not a little terrified at the unceremonious use the strange being had made of his body, hastily descended the precipitous bank of the stream, and as the diver rose to the surface, which he did after a brief immersion, a few yards below the bridge, seizing him by the skirts of his long gown, I dragged him on shore. Gathering himself up slowly, he at length, after much spluttering and blowing, and catching of his breath, stood upright on his legs; then grasping my hand, by dint of a great deal of gulping and sobbing—for the poor man could barely articulate for want of wind—he essayed to express his thanks for my timely aid, without which, he asseverated, he should assuredly "have died in the flood of great waters which passed over his soul; but that he had been saved from the great deep, and also from the barbed arrow of the pursuer, from which latter danger, by the help of the Lord and my horse, and peradventure through his sudden ablution, he had marvellously been delivered."

The speaker was a tall, spare man, with thin flanks, broad shoulders, and high-cheeked bones, having a Scottish physiognomy, with an homely expression of Yankee shrewdness and intelligence. His long, sharp nose, flanked by hollow cheeks, his peaked chin, and lantern jaws, made up a configuration, which has not inaptly been denominated a "hatchet face." His mouth was of formidable width, garnished with very firm, white teeth, generously displayed by the flexibility of his loose lips, which, whenever he spoke, retired as it were from before them. His eyes were of a pale blue color, round and prominent, hereby promising, to speak phrenologically, the organ of language large, which promise his lingual attainments, as subsequently ascertained by me, did not belie. A pair of red, shaggy brows projected over them, like a well-wooded crag; they were rather darker than his hair, which, if owned by a lady, I should term *auburn*; but growing as it did on a male pow, which for ruggedness of outline, might have been hewn into its present shape with a broad-axe, I shall call it *red*, unqualifiedly. His age might have been forty; and in his stockings as he now was, he stood no less than six feet one inch in height—of which goodly length of limb and body, a pair of white drilling trowsers, woollen short hose, a cotton shirt, with a broad ruffle, and his long calico gown aforesaid, constituted the only outward teguments. From all points, including the points of his chin and nose, and every available corner of his strait and matted hair, here, in continuous streams—there, in large drops, chasing one another in quick succession, the water descended towards the earth from the person of this dripping Nereus, while the woful expression of his physiognomy, which judging from the combination of features it exhibited, was naturally sufficiently lugubrious,

was now enhanced ten-fold. His first act on getting to his feet, and after gazing wildly about in the air, and minutely surveying his person, as if in search of something which he dreaded to encounter, was to grasp my hand, and gasping for breath, at intervals strive to articulate his thanks for the service I had rendered him. Although I could not but smile at his ludicrous figure and aspect, I felt disposed to commiserate and serve one whom I believed not to be in his right mind, in which opinion I was confirmed when he alluded to an "armed pursuer," whom he seemed every now and then to seek in the air, there having been none yet visible to my eyes.

At my suggestion and with my assistance, he stripped off his gown, and by dint of twisting it into a sort of rope—a process well understood by the washer-women—we expelled the water, visibly to the comfort of its unfortunate owner, who thrust his lengthy arms into its sleeves again, with an ejaculation, or grunt of satisfaction. The once gentleman-like ruffle, shorn of its honors of starch and plating, hung saturated and melancholy upon his broad breast: this we saw was a damage irremediable: and altogether passing the shirt by, and also his nether tegument, which adhered to the cuticle like a super-hide, the aqueous gentleman gravely and silently seated himself upon the bank, and pulled off his short hose (whose brevity, it should have been before remarked, in conjunction with the brevity of his pantaloons, left at all times an inch of his brawny shins visible in the interstices,) and having rung them vigorously, drew them on again with much labor, ejaculating at intervals, "*hic labor est, hic labor est, quidem*," being now shrunk to one third of their original size, before covering the ancle, whereas, now only aspiring to that altitude with full two inches of interval. Then rising and rubbing the water out of his thick hair, with the skirt of his gown, he addressed me, as I was about to reascend the bank to my horse, seeing that my Samaritan-like services were no longer in requisition. His face was now dry, and he had recovered both his voice and self-possession, and so collected was the expression of his eyes, and so sedate his demeanor, that I changed my opinion as to his sanity, and believed that he must have been under the influence of some inexplicable terror, when he accomplished those gymnics I have described, which were so foreign to his present respectable appearance and discreet deportment. I therefore listened with some curiosity to what he was about to utter, anticipating a strange *éclaircissement*.

"Certes, my friend, I should feel inclined to be facetious at this expose, as it may be termed, of my natural infirmity, but I never was more sorely pressed. Verily the danger was imminent that beset me! *Perissem ni perissem*: by ablution was I saved from greater detriment. That I should have passed beneath the stomach of your *equus*, or steed, is a rudeness that calleth for an *απολογία*, or apology, which herewith I formally tender, as is befitting one, whose vocation lieth in instilling the humane letters into the minds of the rising generation. Verily I could laugh with thee, were I not sorely vexed that my fears should have betrayed me into such unseemly and indiscreet skipping and prancing, like one *non compos mentis*, rather than a grave senior and instructor of youth. Surely, experience hath long shown me, that in these flights, *cursus*

non est levare, which being interpreted, sighifieth—the swift of foot fleeth in vain. Reascend thy steed, my friend, and I will accompany thee to yonder hostelry or inn, where, peradventure, through the agency of mine host's kitchen fire, I may restore my garments to their pristine condition, and there will I unfold the causes of these effects, to which thou hast but now borne witness."

Remounting my horse, the stranger gravely strode along by the bridle, until we came to the tavern he had pointed out, when inviting me in, he led the way into a little parlor adjoining the bar-room, and closing the door behind him mysteriously, he placed a vacant chair for me on one side of a small stand, while he occupied another opposite. After a short and rather awkward silence, during which he leaned his arms upon the table, and manifested much embarrassment, while the blood mounted to his forehead, as if he felt that he was about to make a humiliating explanation—an inkling of humor, nevertheless, lurking the while about his mouth and in the corner of his eye, as if he felt a disposition to smile at what really gave him pain. I therefore, remarked that, although I felt a certain degree of curiosity to learn the causes which led to his catastrophe, I did not wish him to feel that the circumstances of our meeting called in the least for the extension of his confidence towards me, and that if it gave him pain to make the explanation he had volunteered, I should insist upon his withholding it; and thus speaking, I rose to leave the room, and pursue my journey.

"Of a surety, friend," he said, laying his hand lightly upon my arm, "rightly hast thou interpreted my inward emotions. It is true I possess not the moral *virtus*, or courage, needful to the laying open of my weakness. But thou shalt not be disappointed; that which I have spoken I will do; leave me thy name and place of abode, and by course of post I will transmit in writing that, which from *malus pudor*, or foolish shamefacedness, I have not the tongue to give thee orally, and so shalt thou be informed of the *vis-a-tergo*, which is to say, the rearward propelling force, which urged me so discourteously beneath your steed, and into the deep waters; and moreover, of that which hath been the cause of all my terrestrial trials, yea, even an arrow under my fifth rib."

This was uttered, like his former language, with a nasal twang, and in a slow and peculiar manner, with a distinct articulation of every syllable, and accenting the participial termination, *ed*, and the adverbial, *ly*, with an emphatic drawl.

Leaving my address with this singular character, with my curiosity no ways abated, I resumed my journey. Three weeks afterwards, I received the following manuscript, inclosed in a stout envelope of brown paper, superscribed in handsome and clear chirography, which was evidently penned with elaborate care, and post marked PAID: besides the address, to the superscription were appended the following words: "Covering seven sheets of Foolscap, with an Epistle. *These with speed and carefulness*," which were written in a somewhat smaller character than the superscription, and near the left hand corner.

Omitting the writer's learned epistle, addressed to myself confidentially—slightly revising the style, which was cumbrous, somewhat prolix, and pedantic—and

extracting about one-half of the Greek, Latin, and French quotations and phrases, unsuited to the present prevailing taste, with which it was interlarded—like the lemon, cloves and raisins generously sprinkled through a Christmas pie—I faithfully impart the manuscript as I received it from the author.

“I am an unfortunate victim of Entomology: not of the science, but of every species of insect of which the science treateth; more especially the bee, wasp, and hornet, and all and singular of the *irritabile genus*, besides the horn-bug, gad-fly, dragon-fly, and each and every of those loud-humming insects that buzz about at night—yea, verily the whole tribe of *εντομα*, or insects, are my aversion, from which I stand in bodily terror, the comparatively harmless house, or domestic fly, herein not even excepted. My life has been a period of discomfort and torture on account thereof—more especially in the seasons when Sirius or the Dog-star rageth. This *Φοβημα*, or fear, I sucked in with my mother's milk, herself an insect-fearing woman, who stepped into a nest of wasps two months before my birth, the whole ireful population of which pursued her half a mile,—whereby, on my being brought into the world, the mark of a wasp of vast dimensions, *truncus, thorax, proboscis* and *sternum*, not to forget *ala* and *pedes*, was plainly visible to the eyes of the admiring midwife and her cronies, in the small of my back: *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* This fear, therefore, is maternal, originating in the *ros vitalis*, as Virgil expresseth it; and therefore being natural, cannot be combatted with effectually, and overcome. The first time of which my memory is authentic, that I gave symptoms of possessing this hereditary horror of winged and stinging insects, a horror which has drugged with bitterness the cup of my sublunary existence, was at the tender age of three years, I being then a stout, well-grown boy to be in petticoats, as I remember that I was. I was sitting in the back-door sunning myself, for it was summer, and quietly sucking a lump of molasses candy, when I heard all at once a fierce buzzing in the vicinage of my left ear; whereupon, without knowing or understanding its cause, I instinctively shut my eyes, and opening my mouth, sent forth a loud cry. The buzzing continued to grow louder and approach nearer, and my cries increased proportionably. At length the object of my terror and the instigator of my cries, in the shape of a formidable honey-bee, *ubi mel, ibi apes*, saith M. Plautus, which is no doubt equally true of molasses, lit upon the tip of my nose, lavishly besmeared with the candy, which I had been diligently conveying to my mouth. Clinging there, he balanced himself with his wings, and staring me in the face with his great glaring eyes, for my infant fears marvellously magnified his *oculi*, he proceeded with the greatest *sang froid*, as the French tongue happily expresseth it, briskly to convey with his proboscis the candy from my nose to his stomach—brandishing his *antennæ*, or horns, all the while to and fro before my eyes, in a manner dreadful to witness, to hold me as it were in *terrorem*. I was paralyzed with fear, and lost the command of every bodily member, save my tongue—which, for the time, I may truthfully asseverate, did duty for all the rest. There chanced to be no soul in the house at this crisis; and although any one, even half a mile distant, could

have heard my piteous voice uplifted in the notes of unlimited terror, yet my mother, whose name rose loudest upon my tongue, did not come to my relief, until I had been allowed, for full five minutes, to ring a gammut upon her monosyllabic maternal appellation, with every possible variation familiar to infant lungs. At length she entered at the top of her speed, and with her voice pitched to a scolding key, when she espied my condition and the extent of my misfortunes. Her tongue then struck up a treble to my tenor, and snatching up a broom, she advanced it like a pike, edging round until she got in front of me, and then made a desperate charge against the rear of our mutual foe, who had thus taken me in the van, and with her whole force thrust the end of the broom bodily into my face and eyes, laying me at the same time flat on my back, while she followed up her success by standing over me and imprisoning the enemy, by pressing the broom firmly down on my face. As the spiculæ of this female weapon assailed the bee on the *tergum*, he sounded a sharp note of alarm, and inserting his *aculeus*, or sting, into my unoffending nose, therein instilled a sufficient modicum of poison; and then deliberately depressing the barbs of his sting, he drew it forth and secreted himself among the straws of the broom, (for my mother, good woman, by holding it stoutly against my face, twisting and working it, in the attempt to immolate the monster, gave him ample time for this,) from which, when she finally removed it, he effected his escape, by darting through the door, with a quick trumpet-like sound, no doubt a *paan* in honor of his victory. What with the broom and the sting, one of which pricked and nearly suffocated me, while the other penetrated to the quick, I now began to yell to a pitch, in comparison with which, my previous roaring forsooth, was but the wailing of a new-born infant. I rolled over the floor with my nose in my fist, and would not be comforted. But I will not dwell upon this early reminiscence: it is but the first of a series of misfortunes,—the *memorabilia* of my life,—such as few men have lived to experience.

Although not a summer's day passed that I did not endure corporeal fear from the approach of *insecta*, there are five important periods or crises of my life, when my evil star reigned especially malignant. One of these, which I have just recorded, is, peradventure, of small moment, but the subject of it was but small at that time. Each however, thou wilt observe, increased in importance as my shoulders expanded for its burden, verily greater at seasons than I could well bear. My second crisis was at the puerile age of eleven.

I was seated in school, near an open window, when a little girl on the outside offered to barter a basket of blackberries with me, for two large red cheeked apples, balancing each other in my jacket pockets. I slyly effected the exchange, “the master” (as New England instructors are very improperly termed—*Instructor* being the proper and more respectable appellation) having his back turned, and poured the berries into my hat, which I placed in my lap beneath the bench, and forthwith began eating them one by one with my forefinger and thumb, my eyes the while immoveably fixed on my open book, (alas! how early do we begin to practise deceit!) when, at length, in the midst of my delectable feast, I was conscious of a strange, portentous titillation

upon my forefinger, which sensation gradually extended along the member towards the hand. I trembled from a sort of presentiment of the cause, and fearfully looked down, when, *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens!* as Maro hath it, I beheld a tight-laced, long-legged yellow-streaked wasp, with a sticky, sluggish motion dragging his slow length along the back of my hand, his wings and feet, clotted with the juice of the berries, among which he had till now been secreted, whether designedly or not, I will not be so uncharitable as to determine, albeit, my playmates, aware of my weakness did not refrain when occasion offered, from putting upon me unpleasant jests of this nature. When I beheld the wasp (it was an individual of the species called the yellow-jacket, exceedingly venomous and ferocious of aspect), I incontinently uplifted my voice in such a cry—*Scotticé a skirt*, as birch nor ferule never expelled from the lungs of luckless urchin within those walls—long, loud, and terrific, subsiding only, to be renewed on a higher key. At the same time stretching forth my hand, upon which clung the dreaded object, which I had not the power to touch, fearing lest the attempt to dislodge him, would be the signal for the insertion of his sting into my hand, I leaped from the window with a loud yell, which was echoed sympathetically by the whole school, and with my hand waving in the air, which I filled with my cries, directed my course for home, a third of a mile distant, with all the boys of the school let loose, and shouting like a pack of devils born, at my heels. In my career, I remember leaping over two cows lying and quietly ruminating in my path, and that I run full tilt against the deacon, sending hat, wig and deacon in three diverse directions. After running a *muck*, as Mr. Pope useth the word, through the village, I attained my father's house, into which I broke without lifting latch, so impetuous was my course—and crying in a loud voice, "a wasp! a wasp!" thrust my arm (for the insect had now crawled up to my elbow) before my mother's eyes. It chanced that, as I entered she was lifting from the fire a pot of boiling water, in which she intended to scald a couple of barn-door fowls, for the meridian meal. Alarmed at my cries and sudden appearance, and terrified beyond measure at beholding the terrible insect thrust so near her face, and at the same time trembling on account of my own danger, with something between a yell and a shriek, she grappled the handle of the pot with one hand and its bottom with the other, and dashed the scalding contents over my arm and body. With a yell *finale* I again darted out through the door, leaving the wasp scalded to death on the floor. Encountering on the outside the host of my schoolmates, who were running towards the house, I passed through their midst like a rocket, giving blows to the right and left, and leaving, as I was afterwards told, five prostrate upon the earth. At length, exhausted through fatigue and suffering, I fell in the street in a swoon, and was carried home and put to bed, from whence I rose not until two painful months had expired. The two periods I have recorded, involved merely physical suffering. The third, and remaining two, record distresses both mental and physical. The third period, which may, with reverence, be denominated the third plague of insects, happened at college in my twenty-first year. I have enjoyed the benefit of collegiate erudition, although my

mother had in her maidenly estate been of the sect called Quakers, and my father was a preacher after the Methodist persuasion—neither sect, in that day, distinguished patrons of the humane letters. My mother had seceded from the Society of Friends, yet retained their simplicity of language and manners, at least so far, as a naturally sharp temper would allow; certes, it may not be concealed that the neighboring gossips averred that she was too fond of that spousely privilege of scolding, to be a Quaker, and therefore had come over to a more liberal faith. However this may be, she exhibited in her person the opposite characters of a scolding wife and demure Quaker, as the thermometer rose or fell, tempered nevertheless, with a little of the leaven of Methodism. My father was a sturdy apostle, morose and gloomy, given to antique phraseology in his speech, after the manner of my grandfather, who was a staunch old Presbyterian. Therefore, between the three, my domestic education and habits, were like Joseph's coat of many colors, and when I arrived to the years of discretion, it would have been a hard matter to determine, which preponderated most in my character, the Methodist, the Quaker, or Scotch Presbyterian. The second person *thou*, and its objective singular *thee*, I nevertheless always use colloquially; firstly, from maternal induction, and secondly, that it is classical, and moreover well approved by scriptural and ancient usage, and I am somewhat given to philological antiquarianism—a lover, or as the Gallic hath it, an *amateur* of antique customs of phraseology.

I had assumed the *toga virilis*, and passed through my quadrennial course, how I might here mention, but it becometh me not to speak in mine own praise; suffice it to say, that I was appointed to a thesis on the day of Commencement, that I ascended the *rostrum* or stage, made my obeisance to the audience, and forthwith began to declaim with sonorous enunciation. I had got into the midst of my thesis, and, flattered by the attentive silence with which I was listened to, I grew warm with my theme; my right arm was stretched forth with a rhetorical flourish, my eyes were illuminated and sparkling with excitement, and my brows were flushed as I threw my whole soul into the rush of eloquence (verily the reminiscence maketh me eloquent even now,) and I was altogether on what may be termed the high horse of success and public admiration, when *mirabile dictu*, as Virgil hath it on a less occasion, suddenly an ominous and well-known buzzing above my head fell like a knell on my ears. Be it premised, that the meeting-house in which the Commencement exercises were held, was decorated with evergreens, and adorned with numerous sweet-scented flowers, with one of which, I had, in my youthful vanity, graced the button-hole of my white waistcoat. I lifted my eyes at the sound, more dreadful to my tympana than the horn of the hunter to the timid deer, and beheld my hereditary foe, in the shape of a long, slender, yellow-ringed wasp, darting in wild gyrations above my head, and at each revolution, approaching nearer and more near to my ill-fated person. *Vox faucibus hæsit* as Virgil again expresseth it, my voice clung to my jaws, my extended arm remained motionless, and with my eyes fastened, as if fascinated, upon the intruder, I lost all presence of mind, every other consideration being swallowed up in the consideration of my great peril. I stood nearly the

space of one minute, the audience being all the while silent as the grave, as if transfixed and petrified, exhibiting no signs of life save in my eyes, which followed the eccentric circles of my foe as he wheeled around my head, which he had chosen as the conspicuous centre of his aerial corkscrew: the pillar of salt into which the wife of Lot was converted, did not stand firmer or more motionless. Gradually contracting his spiral circles he came close to my head, and then with a sudden movement roared past my ear and settled upon the fragrant flower adorning, *vanitas vanitatis*, my waistcoat. The roar of his passage past my ear, augmented in my imagination to that of a dragon (provided always there be such creatures, and being such if they do roar, which are points controverted by the learned) and his fearful attack upon my person, was a consummation which restored me to the use of my paralyzed faculties. My first act was to leap from the rostrum with a suppressed cry, and seize a branch of hemlock, thrust it towards the nearest person, who happened to be a lady, and make signs for her to brush it off. I never had dared to snap them off or disturb them. My mother, whose conversation, (as those who fear ghosts, most love to hold midnight converse about them) was prolific on this theme, had early inducted me into the most approved plans of conduct, when one of the *irritable genus* approached or lit on the person. One of her rules was, "never snap it off, for it is sure to sting before it fly; but run and let the wind blow it off." Another was, "if it will still stay on, then get some other person to brush it off, and its anger will be turned from you to that obliging person." These rules of action, and many others, were fresh in my memory, and I was at all times religiously governed by them.

The branch of hemlock chanced to be attached to a festoon connecting a succession of others around the pulpit, where sate the President in all the dignity which an austere air, a corpulent person, and a broad-brim could confer, presiding over the exercises of the hour. Immediately behind him rose to some height a young eradicated pine tree, whose pyramidal summit formed the central support and apex of the chain of festoons, answering in relation thereto, to the stake which upholds the drooping centre of a clothes-line. At my attack the whole paraphernalia gave way, pine tree and all, with a tremendous rustling and crashing, carrying away in its headlong rush the President's broad-brim and one of the capacious sleeves of his black silk gown or surplice, his reverend dignity alone saving himself from sharing the same fate by ducking beneath the ballustrade of the pulpit and permitting the danger to pass over him, which it did, descending upon the respected heads and sacred persons of the honorable Board of Trustees sitting beneath. The uproar and confusion—laughter mingled with exclamations, was without limit, and while every soul seemed to be absorbed in the crash and its consequences, I, the luckless author of the whole demolition, saw, heard, felt and was conscious of nothing but the presence of the dreaded insect, that had fastened on me, who was now, having evacuated the flower, hastily effecting a retreat within the gaping bosom of my shirt. My tremendous pull at the twig, left it however in my hands, and while the wreck of matter was going on above and around me, oblivious of all else save my

own peculiar misery, I darted, as I have before said, toward an elderly maiden lady, and thrusting the branch into her unwilling hand, cried in a loud voice, "brush it off! oh brush it off!" So impetuously did I thrust it towards her, that I lost my equilibrium and fell into her lap, entangling as I fell, the branch of hemlock in her red curls, which, as is the fashion among women, were only attached to her head, and as I rolled from her profaned lap to the floor, I carried with me on the branch waving like pennons, the elderly maiden lady's false and fiery tresses appended thereto. She lifted up her voice and screamed with combined affright, rage and mortification, and jumping up she stamped upon me as I lay at her feet in ungovernable ire. "But there is no evil unattended with good." (I give the Saxon or English words of the proverb, the original Latin having slipped my memory.) The wasp, the direct cause of all the mischief, who had adhered to me like my evil angel, received the full weight of her heel on the *tergum* and was crushed to atoms, upon the snow-white bosom of my shirt. I heard every section of his body crack, and as I listened I felt a savage joy fill my breast, tempered however, as I now remember, by an incipient apprehension, lest even in death, he might avenge his fall by penetrating my linen and cuticle with his sting.

Now that the danger was over, I had time to reflect for an instant and feel the ridiculous peculiarity of my situation, and at once decided upon taking to flight, to escape facing the audience. The next moment I was on my feet, and forcing my way to the door fled towards the college, as if a whole nest of hornets was in full cry in pursuit, followed by a motley crowd, who are comprised in the French word *canaille*, some shouting "there goes dragon-fly—there goes bumble-bee! stop thief! murder!" and all the various cries the populace are used to utter, when they pursue without knowing why or wherefore, the wretch who fleeth. The next day I departed from the scene of my disgrace and disaster, and in course of time found myself in the pleasant village of Geneva in the western part of the state of New York, teacher of a respectable school. I may say here in passing, that from inclination I have adopted teaching as a profession—for although not ranked among the learned professions it verily should be. This profession or vocation I still pursue, even here, far off in Mississippi, whither my wanderings have at length driven me.

The fourth plague of stings was when I had attained the discreet age of thirty-one years, I being then a resident and schoolmaster of the then infant town of Rochester, having taught with divers degrees of success in many other villages after I left Geneva, which I departed from after a sojourn there of twelve calendar months. Having laid by a small store of wordly coin, and being held generally in good repute among my neighbors, I began to bethink me that it was best to take unto myself a wife, according to the commandment. When I came to this resolve I, the next Sunday, cast my eyes about the church to see on whom my choice should light, revolving in my mind as my eyes wandered from one bonnet to another, the capabilities of each for the dignity of *mater-familias* to Instructor Stingflyer (for such is my patronymic, my given name being Abel) when I decided propounding the question of matrimony to Miss Deborah, or as she was called among her ac-

quaintance and kinsfolk, Miss Debby Primruff, an excellent maiden lady, only a few years my senior, tall, strait, comely and withal fair-haired. Turning the subject over in my mind during the week while the scholars were engaged at their tasks, and seeing no cause to change my mind, I arrayed myself on Saturday evening in my Sunday suit of black broadcloth, took my walking-stick and gloves, and with a bold step and confident demeanor, sought the mansion of the fair maiden, whom I intended should be the future Mrs. Stingflyer. I was received very graciously, for I had met Miss Deborah before at a quilting-party at the dwelling of a worthy gentleman, one Mr. Lawrie Todd, one of the select men of the town and an active member of the school committee. Yet, Cupid nor Hymen, never entered my thoughts in connection with Miss Deborah until now. Whatever courage I had mustered for the occasion, proved to be, when I stood in her maidenly presence, a mere flash in the pan. After beating about the bush fruitlessly a long time, and appearing more awkward than I could have desired before my lady-love, after much pulling on and off of gloves, tracing, as it were musingly, cabalistic figures on the floor with my walking stick, twirling my well brushed hat in my fingers, rising and going to the open window many times, and as often returning to my chair, while Miss Debby, oblivious of her knitting, followed my movements with wondering eyes, I at length desperately determined to come to the point.

"Miss Debby, that is, I mean to say, Miss Deborah," I said, drawing my chair near to her own, and taking the strand of yarn between my forefinger and thumb, and giving it a nervous, yet affectedly careless twist, while the perspiration exuded from my forehead, for it was a warm July evening, "dost thou ever read the Bible?"

"The Bible, Mr. Stingflyer?" she fairly vociferated, laying her knitting on her lap, and turning round and staring me full in the face, "why what *can* you mean by asking me such a question? Do you take me for a 'homadown—and my uncle a deacon too?"

"Nay, Miss Deborah," said I, hastening to interpose between her anger and my love, "nay, I pray thee, be not wroth with me. I well know the savor of thy sanctity. I did intend to ask of thee if thou retainedst in thy excellent memory, verse 18th, chapter the 2d of Genesis."

"Why, I dont know if I do rightly, but I can easily find it," she answered complacently, soothed by my grain of flattery, for herein Ovid had taught me the sex is accessible; and laying her knitting upon my knees she hastened to bring the family Bible, which she spread open on a small light stand discreetly placed between us, and began diligently to turn over the leaves of the quarto, but rather as if she were seeking the book of Revelations than that of Genesis. I made bold to hint that it might be best to begin at the commencement of the book, when turning thither, much to her delight, and as her manner betrayed, much to her surprise, she found the book named, and soon after, the chapter and verse, and forthwith commenced reading aloud:

"—— 'It is not good that man should be alone; I will make a help meet for him.' Why what is there in this verse so very remarkable Mr. Stingflyer!" she

interrogated, nevertheless blushing consciously, and without looking up.

Although I felt my courage oozing, as it were, from beneath my finger nails, and exuding from every pore in my body, I nevertheless felt that I had broken the ice—and already placed my foot on the *pons assinorum* of lovers, and that it was easier to advance than retreat; I therefore determined to persevere in my suit and leave the rest to the Gods.

"Dost thou not apprehend the application thereof, Miss Debby?" I said, in my most insinuating tones, edging my chair a few inches closer to her own, and taking her slightly resisting hand in mine.

"Not in the least, Mr. Stingflyer," she replied with that perverse blindness, which at such times is wont to characterise the sex—while I am well assured in my own mind, she knew full as well what I would be at (for the sex hath much acumen in these matters) as I did myself.

"Then," I said, borne irresistibly onward by the fates, which direct the passion *amor*, "may it please thee to turn for an illustration thereof, and for farther light thereupon, to chapter ix, verse the 1st of the same book!" And after I had ceased speaking, I assumed an aspect of much gravity. She sought and found the passage designated; but this time, after casting her eyes upon it, her color increased, and without reading it aloud as before, she shut the book quickly, saying, "I do declare! what can you mean, Mr. Stingflyer?" and she looked both pleased and offended—although I opine, the latter was assumed as a sort of vanguard to her maidenly discretion.

"I mean, my dear Miss Debby," I exclaimed, seizing both her hands, and dropping on both my knees before her, impelled by the *amoris stimuli*, for *amare et sapere* is hard for man to do, "that it is not good for me to be alone—that my soul yearneth, yea verily, crieth aloud for a help meet—therefore, oh Deborah, I fain would obey the commandment, Genesis ixth, 1st, if thou wilt take part and lot with me in this matter, for Debby," and here my voice, which had been lifted up in the eloquence of my passion, fell to a more tender key, "Debby, light of mine eyes, I love thee!" Here I laid my hand upon my waistcoat, over the region of the heart, and continued vehemently, "and from this posture will I not rise until thou hast blessed me."

Miss Deborah turned pale, then became red, and then became pale again, giggled, simpered, and looked every way but towards me, but made no answer. Emboldened by her silence, which I interpreted favorably, remembering the Latin proverb, *qui non negat fatetur*, whose English parallel is "Silence giveth assent," I leaned forward, drawing her gently towards me, for the purpose of placing the *sigillum* or seal upon her lips, when an enormous door-bug, or hedge-chafer, a clumsy, uncouth species of the black beetle, bounced with a loud hum into the room through the open window, aiming point blank for the candle, which chanced to stand in a line between me and the aforesaid window, and with the force of a cross-bolt, struck me between the eyes, as I continued to remain in my attitude of genuflection, and partly from terror, and in part from the force of the blow, with a loud exclamation, I fell backwards upon the floor like one who had been wounded even unto the death. The next moment,

alive to the ludicrousness of my situation, I recovered myself—which recovery was not a little expedited by the undisguised laughter of the merry maiden, on whose lips I was about to place the seal of requited affection: experience having not then instructed my youth, *omnium mulierum fugiantur oscula*. But my sufferings were not terminated. I fain would have laughed my disaster off, pretending that it was only a conceit of my own, to fall as if shot with a bullet, had not my ears been assailed, as I rose again to my feet, by the appalling burring and whizzing of the enemy, darting fiercely about the room, now thumping violently against the opposite wall, now buzzing by my head with a hum like a hundred tops, the whole more dreadful on account of the darkness of the extremities of the apartment, which rendered it exceedingly difficult to follow, with any certainty, the motions of the insect, and thereby guard against his approach. My first impulse was to leap from the window, to the utter demolition of Miss Deborah's flower-beds. But guessing my desperate resolve, by the frenzied roll of my eyes in that direction, and the preparatory movements of my limbs, she closed it, *oh femina, semper mutabile!* with a sudden jerk and a loud laugh, as if delectating herself with my terrors. Certes, since that period, my sentiments in relation to the softness and charity of womankind, have been revised! Thwarted in this point, my next impulse was to endeavor to gain the door—which purpose I at length effected, after dodging the transverse courses of the beetle as he traversed the room; and throwing it open I sprung through it, not into the passage, but into Miss Deborah's china closet, and striking my foot against a jar of preserves, upset it, and pitched irresistibly against the lower shelf laden with her choicest domestic wares, and amid a jangling, crashing, cracking and rattling, sufficient to make even the deaf hear, I fell to the floor, receiving in my fall, by way of corollary, divers contusions from the falling ruins, and lay, like Samson, buried in the wreck I had myself created.

The laughter of Miss Debby was hereupon suddenly changed to a loud key of mingled surprise, anger and grief, in which she attacked me with a volley of undeserved vituperation and abuse, considering that the hedge-chaffer, and not I, was the author of the mischief. Bruised, mortified and exceedingly chap-fallen, I at length dragged my unlucky body forth, notwithstanding I still heard the *buzz-wzz, zz*, of the formidable bug in his flight about the room; but between his whizzing and the clamor of Miss Deborah's tongue, I was left to choose between Scylla and Charybdis. But I will dwell no longer upon this event. I effected my escape as well as I could, and the next Monday morning made up the loss of earthen vessels in coin, to the mother of Miss Deborah. And verily here ended my first and last attempt to secure a *mater-familias*, to perpetuate the ill-fated patronymic of Stingflyer to posterity.

Four woes have passed, and yet another woe cometh. My adventure in the china-closet having been bruited about the village, my pupils, (such being ever ready to fasten a nickname upon their instructors,) conferring upon me the unseemly appellation of "Hedge-chaffer," determined me to change my place of habitation. I next, after divers wanderings, pitched my tent in the state of Ohio, which hath been called "the paradise of

schoolmasters," drawn thither by the reports that had reached mine ears, of the richness of the land; and in a town a few miles from Cincinnati, I resumed my occupation of instilling knowledge into the minds of the rising generation. It came to pass after I had sojourned here nearly the space of two years, I was appointed the orator for the fourth of July, A.D. 1825. My thesis, or oration, prepared for this occasion, was previously read by me to two or three village oracles, with much applause, which, in justice to myself, and more especially to the judgment of the committee, by whom I had the honor of being appointed, I must confess my composition fully merited.

The procession was formed opposite the Masonic Hall, I being appointed to an honorable rank therein, even the foremost of the van, save the musicians and marshal; the music struck up, and with martial pace it proceeded through the principal streets of the town, towards the church, which I flattered myself I was about to fill with Demosthenean eloquence. As I moved forward, a blue ribbon waving its pennons at the button-hole of my coat, my bosom swelled with a due consciousness of the conspicuousness of my situation, and I felt that every eye was fixed upon me in admiration, if not envy: my step was firm, as it rose and fell to the strains of music—my chest expanded, and my head was elevated—and gracefully did I carry in my hand the manuscript, also garnished with a gay knot of blue ribbon, whose written eloquence was that day to enchain men's minds, and fill their souls with patriotism. No Roman, entering the imperial city after a victory, on a triumphal car, ever bore a prouder heart than I did that day—alas, *dies infaustus!* In our circumambulatory progress through the village, traversing its every lane and alley, that all might witness the pageant of which I was "the head and front," we passed through a straggling angle of the town—a sort of detached suburb, when the music was all at once drowned by a loud and discordant din, caused by the beating of tin-kettles, the clattering of warming-pans, the jingling of sleigh-bells, the tooting of horns, and the clamor of women and children, saluting the *tympana* with a babelian confusion not unworthy of the precincts of the infernal regions, while at the same time, a wretched alley just in advance of us, poured out a motley crowd of slattern wives and breechless urchins, armed with a thousand tongues, and beating every instrument whereof the chronicles of discord have made mention. But a sight more dreadful, a sound more horrible, alone filled my ears and concentrated my optics. Over the heads of this clamorous multitude hung a dark cloud of bees, whose million wings sent forth a sound like the roaring of the sea. Appalling vision! each particular hair of my head stood on end, and my heart leaped into my throat.

At the sight of the procession the clamor ceased, and the women, *duces facti*, retreated from view, while the vacillating swarm, attracted by the music, now alone heard, wheeled towards the head of our column, and darkened the air above my head. There are, it hath verily been asserted, some persons whom bees will not sting, (an asseveration which I am inclined to controvert,) and reversely, that there are others, whom they will take pains to sting, of whom I am one especially honored. From childhood to manhood, whether a boy in a crowd of boys, or a man in a throng of men, a bee

never chanced to hover in the air, who did not single me out, and descend upon my ill-fated person, whether from a sympathetic attraction towards the honey-bee imprinted in the small of my back or not, is a question whose solution I leave to metaphysicians. Knowing, however, from experience, how powerfully I was magnetized, and seeing these myriad of attractive atoms so near my person, I felt that I should not long stand my ground. At the moment the swarm approached, the whole band chanced to strike up with a loud clang, in a sort of chorus, and simultaneously the bees descended close to our heads, and as they swept round like an army wheeling, two or three stragglers or flank-riders brushed past my cheeks, while amid the dreadful roar of their passage I had nearly lost my wits, and should no doubt have lost them altogether, if they had not quickly reascended; and as the music ceased, by the command of the marshal, settled, to my great relief, on an umbrageous tree in the vicinity.

I congratulated myself on retaining my self-possession in so large an assemblage of witnesses—philosophy with my advance in life, having enabled me in some degree to control my emotions on these occasions, although no mental effort can effectually overcome an inherited nervous infirmity. Prouder than if I had been the victor of Waterloo, I lifted my foot to the time of the music to proceed in my march, when I felt a sensation as if something was crawling on the back of my neck. I trembled, and my blood run cold to my fingers' ends. I was afraid to reach my hand to the spot for fear it should be stung; for I foreboded a stray bee from the swarm, had lighted on my collar, and I dared not ask those behind me to brush it off, lest it should sting me in revenge. Moreover, the very consciousness of this dangerous vicinage of my hereditary foe, caused in my mind too much terror to articulate such a request, or to yield to any other impulse, than my customary one of flight, in obedience to my mother's laws, in such cases made and provided. Therefore, as I felt the titillation of his progress along the junction of my cravat and cuticle, I shouted involuntarily aloud and broke from the procession, and with wonderful speed darted up the street, my flight not a little accelerated by discovering a second bee, clinging to the blue ribbon which fluttered at my button-hole. This last invader, however, the wind of my motion soon dislodged, but instantly recovering his wings, he turned and pursued in full cry. Of a surety, this was an unpleasant strait for a man of my consequence on that day to be placed in—an enemy in pursuit, and another equally ferocious in possession of my unlucky body. The faster I fled, and the stronger became the wind, which fairly whistled past my ears, the closer the insect stuck to my skin, having now achieved, by creeping with much circumspection, half the circumference of my neck, and entangled his antennæ among my half-whiskers, which I am accustomed to wear, in order that my hebdomadal labor of shaving may be more of a sinecure. But I will not linger over the details of my flight, the wonder of the procession, the hootings of the boys, the dispersion of the pageant, and the consternation of the musicians, whose vocation fled with me—I will only as a faithful recorder of my woes, say that I run half a mile strait into the country, was grievously stung by the enemy who had lodged on my cheek, before I had effected half that distance, that

the pain added wings to my flight, and that my pursuer came up with me as I desperately plunged at risk of life and limb, into a hedge at the termination of the half a mile, hoping to leave the hedge between us, and thus baffle him, and how, instead of clearing the hedge, oh, accumulation of woes! I leaped into the middle of it, and sunk into the midst of a nest of hornets.

Whether I should lie down and die like a martyr, or rise up and fly was the debate of a moment in my mind. I chose the latter, for verily, life is sweet, and scrambled back into the road, *malgre* the bee on the other side of the hedge (but greater dangers swallow up the lesser), I fled back to the town at greater speed than I had left it, a score of angry hornets singing in my ears. When I arrived once more in the village, to use the words of a pleasing poet in facetiously describing a less memorable race—

“The dogs did bark, the children scream’d,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, ‘well done!’
As loud as they could bawl.”

I fell upon the threshold of my landlady's door, almost lifeless, my body having, as was ascertained by subsequent enumeration, been perforated by the *aculei* of the hornets, in thirty-seven different places. After being confined with my wounds and a consequent fever for the space of four weeks, I once more became a wanderer, being too sensitive upon my disaster to remain where my adventure afforded too much merriment with my friends and gossips, for me to share in it with any especial grace. I would observe however in passing, that my oration, which I had thrown down in my flight was picked up by the Marshal of the day, who got the procession once more into marching order, and that it was read from the pulpit, by a young lawyer, with much taste and execution, vastly to the delight and edification of the audience, who bore testimony that such a gem of Fourth of July oratory had never been listened to—nay, that it even surpassed the homilies of the minister himself—who was, allow me to remark, a scholar of great erudition. This sugared news was breathed into my ear by my sympathetic landlady, while I lay bedridden afterwards, and verily it was a salvo both to my wounded flesh and spirit.

My next place of abode, after divers journeyings, was in the beautiful City of Natchez, which verily for Arcadian attractiveness of aspect, hath not its equal among the cities of the West. Here, for there was no want of instructors of youth, I foregathered with an elderly and worthy gentleman, a god-fearing and coin-getting man, who agreed with me for my daily bread, and the sum of eight shillings per week, to sum up his accmpts. This labor I faithfully executed, and at length, learning by the public print, that a teacher of the humane letters was needed in this village, from which I address you, on foot I came thither, bearing my recommendation in my countenance, God I trust having given me an honest one, and forthwith entered on my occupation, which I still delightedly pursue—for though southern boys are not so studious as northern lads, they nevertheless possess a natural quickness of parts, which I may denominate intuition, whereby with little diligence they learn much, arriving at conclusions *per saltum* by a leap as it were, which rendereth it a pleasing task to instruct them.

The day I had the felicity of meeting with thee, my friend, being a Saturday, and therefore, by prescription, a holiday, I had doffed and laid aside my outward garment, and enveloped in my wrapper or summer gown, was seated in the little room which I occupy as my *sanctum sanctorum*, perusing my favorite Maro (for Virgil hath ever been my favorite, saving the Georgic which treateth of the nurture of bees) when I heard the well-known sound of a wasp singing about the room. I immediately sprung from my chair, with so sudden a movement, that the sagacious insect no doubt mistook it for a hostile one, though *Dii immortales!* I had not the most distant idea of assuming a belligerent attitude—and with a sharp note darted towards me. I evaded the charge, by dodging my head, and fled forth into the street *en dishabille*, my terrible enemy in close pursuit. Thou did'st witness, my worthy friend, the result, and to thee am I indebted for aid in mine affliction, saving me, peradventure, from a watery grave. In past liquidation of this my debt of gratitude, I pen and transmit to thee these brief records of my eventful life, believing that after the perusal of them thou wilt not withhold thy sympathy from him, to whom the sound of a flying insect is more terrible than the whizzing of a bullet; and who feareth less the thrust of a javelin than the barbed sting of the *irritabile genus*, a race he verily believeth created to torment him, and himself created to be their miserable victim.

Your servant, faithfully to command,

ABEL STINGFLYER, A. M.

[Note, by the author of "Lafitte."]

Being in the village of Port Gibson a few weeks ago, I learned that the unfortunate hero of the above memoirs, had left that rural village and returned to the city of Natchez, where, in copartnership with a man from the land of Connecticut, he dealt in merchandize, having exchanged the honorable occupation of "teaching the humane" letters, for the less intellectual one of heaping together riches through the buying and selling of goods.

When I was last in Natchez, I therefore sought him out and found him, although his name in the firm is modestly and unassumingly concealed under the abbreviation, CO., and was pleased to learn from his own lips that he was prosperous. Although his stock in trade is multifarious, he took pains to inform me that the leading stipulation in his agreement of copartnership was, that neither sugar, nor molasses, nor anything *dulcis natura* holding out temptations to the *irritabile genus*, should be allowed admittance into the store as part of their stock of merchandize. It was in this interview with him I obtained the permission to make such disposition of his manuscript as I should deem most fit. Therefore in giving it this present publicity no confidence hath been betrayed.

Rose Cottage, Adams County, Miss. }
January 17, 1837. }

Cicero's treatise 'De Republica' was undoubtedly at one time extant in England. Petronius was probably entire in the time of John of Salisbury, who quotes passages now not to be seen in the remains of that poet.

KOSCIUSKO.

It is stated by Mr. Moore, in his Life of Lord Byron, that certain Polish officers in foreign service burst into tears, on the name of Kosciusko being mentioned.

They wept to hear the Hero's name—

Oh, had they wept to emulate
His spirit's hope, his daring aim,
Their tears were worthy of his fame,
And they were worthy of his fate!

But tears are worse than toys, unless
They rouse the soul which makes success,
And wake to wrath the patriot mood,
Defeated—never yet subdued;
Which weeps not oft, but when in vain,
It strives to snap its country's chain—
And then, its tears are tears of blood!

These, from the deep soul's deepest source,
Give birth to valor's mightiest force—
Wake noble anger—sting the heart,
Forgetful of its sacred part,
That long has slumbered, to remorse;
Unlike that vainer grief that cries—
Still feels, but dare not meet in fight,
(Though all its country bleeds in sight)
Its fierce and fatal destinies.

They wept the exile's fate and fame—
Ah! could they but as proudly aim,
His name would be a word to lead—
And they had sprung at memory's call
To equal fame in kindred deed,
And burst their own and nation's thrall.
Idle the pity which would shed
Its tears o'er Kosciusko's name;
Far better if they fell in shame,
For country lost and freedom fled—
All, but the cruel memory dead,
That, in the past immortal fame,
Finds fit rebuke for those who sleep,
Or waken, not to strike, but weep.
His spirit, if alive, would dare

In foreign regions wild and wide,
A fortune, like the past, to share,
And freedom, in his own denied:

Nor, craven-like, remain to boast
Existence, to his nation lost;
But, in the fierce, unequal strife,

The last sad struggle, when the brave
Die for the land they may not save,
Yield, in the common death, his life.

Such were the tears by valor given,

The blood-drops wrung from nature's wo—
Pure, sacred in the eyes of heaven,

And blessing wheresoe'er they flow:—
Not woman's offering—weakness all,
That loathes, yet drinks its cup of gall,
And downward, step by step, to save,
Sinks from the captive to the slave—

Then, when the dregs of life are run,

And through its foul and fell degrees,
Drained to its vilest, bitterest lees,

Weep for the deeds—they might have done.

G. B. SINGLETON.

SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY,

Or, Biblical Illustrations : designed as a Christmas, or birth-day present : by Nathan C. Brooks, A. M. William Marshall & Co. Philadelphia.

The intellectual character of our republic makes rapid advances in improvement. A very few years ago, it was seriously argued whether or not the air of America was favorable to the inspirations of genius;—now, our artists, actors, and poets bid fair to take the lead of their European rivals. If the former fall short in any thing—

“We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.”

It is now conceded, on all sides, that we have the stamina, or, (to speak in a business-like tone,) the raw material, of the first quality. No doubt but we have had Homers in embryo, many a “mute inglorious Milton,” and many a Tasso, “cabined, cribbed and confined” by oppressive circumstances. But in spite of all those proverbial obstacles, to most of which the *American* bard is particularly liable, a poetical star sometimes gleams above our horizon. Such instances, it must be confessed, are rare;—and in what part of the world is the advent of a good poet, not a rare occurrence? With us, but little encouragement is offered for any man to devote his time and talents to this branch of literature, and without exclusive devotion, we are apt to suppose, that excellence in any art or science is but seldom attained. But, with respect to encouragement, matters are beginning to take a change for the better;—in our literary world, the golden age has been delayed to the last;—poetical speculations, albeit of an airy and immaterial nature, now yield something substantial in the way of profit. Poets begin to have “a local habitation” not in the jail or garret, and “a name” not synonymous with starvation. From being objects of cool regard or warm persecution, they have become quite the lions of the day;—they visit foreign countries, associate with the nobility, and drink tea (or punch) in the serene presence of the royal family. Even at home, the study of poetry has almost dared to compete with the absorbing calculations of compound interest, and many a clerk is “condemned to cross his father’s spirit,” as Chaucer saith, by “penning a stanza,” when he should make out a bill.

In fact, we have too many professors of the art, and too little of the art itself;—and the mode of criticism which has become prevalent with some of our Reviews, and most of our journalists, is calculated to increase the evil. It seems to be forgotten that it is one part of the critics business to *condemn*;—and it should be remembered that *praise*, like every other commodity, when brought too freely into the market, is apt to depreciate in value. The custom of warmly applauding every thing, however despicable,—which comes into the world through the book-shops of two or three favored publishers, and condemning (or what is worse, “damning with faint praise,”) whatever book may chance to make its appearance through a less fortunate avenue,—is a piece of folly, knavery, or whatever else you may please to call it, which deserves the bastinado at least, or some equally efficacious punishment. This custom clothes the two or three publishers referred to with ju-

dicial powers which they are by no means qualified to exercise, of which fact no better proof can be asked than the great body of trashy publications with which they insult and plunder the community. We say that this custom of favoritism, by transferring to scribblers of the most worthless description, that praise which is due to merit only, has a tendency to destroy the good effect of praise in general, and thus to take away one of the chief inducements to literary exertion. And by misleading the public judgment, (which unfortunately a corrupt press too often has the power to do,) the *rewards*, as well as the honors, of authorship are sometimes most unwisely distributed.

Poetical works are more liable than any others to be erroneously estimated;—because their excellences are *felt*, rather than inferred from *rules*, which chiefly direct the judgment in relation to other species of composition. Here then, a wider latitude is given to criticism, and consequently there is a greater chance both for involuntary and intentional error. We suspect the taste of the present age, in poetical matters, will be grievously called in question by posterity; especially, if the suffrages of our periodical press and gazetteers should hereafter be taken as expressive of the general opinions of the times. So laboriously indefinite are the critical eulogiums which we frequently read, that it is difficult to tell, by these standards, not only what is good, bad or indifferent poetry, but whether there is really any such thing as poetry at all, or whether *every thing* which is written in verse, including the ballad of Gibbs the pirate, and the classic minstrelsy of a lottery broker’s advertisement, is not “sterling, genuine poetry.”

This is a bad state of things,—and the consideration thereof makes a critique on a book of verse a task of some perplexity. However, in the present case, we think we have divested our mind of all preconceptions, either favorable or prejudicial to the author; and we have therefore resolved to examine the volume before us, apart from all other matters and things, which, according to *our* views, are not requisite to be taken into consideration. The names of the publishers, therefore, though very respectable, and the binding and decorations, though exceedingly handsome, are subjects in which our skill is at fault, and concerning which we have very little to say.

The author of “*Scriptural Anthology*” is one of a class of writers which the generality of readers have not the gift to appreciate. Mr. Brooks will not regret this little inconvenience, when he sees himself associated therein with some of the brightest names on the records of literature. It has been said that “whatever pleases many, must possess *some* merit;” now, whatever pleases a few will certainly be found to possess more, if the party pleased may be justly designated as the “discerning few.” The poems contained in this little volume being altogether of a devotional character, it is not to be expected that, among the mass of mankind, they should meet with a reception as favorable as that which is often accorded to works of a lighter nature, although of far inferior claims on the score of intrinsic merit. Men whose minds have not been visited by the softening influence of religion, are frequently disposed to regard books of devotion with a species of horror;—a feeling which no attraction which the book may otherwise present, is sufficient to overcome. From such as

these, Mr. Brooks cannot expect or desire commendation for this performance;—but we are happy to say that there are many, very many readers, who must arise from a perusal of the work with the conviction that the author is not only a man of exemplary piety, but a poet of exquisite skill.

The first poem, and the largest in the collection, is entitled "*The Bower of Paphos*," a title on which the glance of the voluptuary might be fastened with the expectation of finding something congenial with his own taste;—but in this he may be disappointed. Here are no soft Lydian measures, no incense to that unhallowed divinity whose worship desecrated the place, but a strain of melody such as the "nymphs of Solyma" might be supposed to originate. The subject is the conversion to christianity of a native of Cyprus, Chrestogiton, an Archon, who had been deposed and exiled through the machinations of a rival, named Melacomas. The exile, at the imminent hazard of his life, returns to the place of his nativity,—the versification of the opening stanzas is uncommonly smooth and flowing and the diction is rich and beautiful to a degree that has seldom been equalled:

"The day-God, off Drepanum's height,
Still lingered o'er the happy isle;—
And Paphos' gilded domes grew bright
Beneath his last and loveliest smile:
Bright came the opalled sunbeams down
Upon each mountain's golden crown,
Tinting the foliage of the trees—
The purple billows of the ocean,
Swept by the pennons of the breeze,
Were curling with a gentle motion,
As if, in sunny smiles, their waves
Were welcoming to Tithonus' bed
Far down amid the coral caves—
The weary God;—while round his head
The crimson curtains of the west
Were drawn, as down the watery steep,
His flashing car descended deep,
Amid the golden sands to rest." p. 14.

The attachment of men to the home of their infancy has often been the theme of song, but we do not remember to have seen the subject so beautifully managed before:—

"Although the exile's foot may tread
The flowery soil of fairest isles,
That dimple ocean's cheek with smiles,
And stainless skies gleam o'er his head:
His native land,—tho' icebergs frown
In one eternal winter down
Upon its cold and barren shore,
Or tho' the red volcano's tide,
In waves of death, its plains sweep o'er,
Is fairer than all earth beside." etc. p. 14.

The feelings of the banished Chrestogiton, on revisiting the happy spot that gave him birth, are well described in what follows:—

"And all those early joys and ties
Shrined in the heart's deep memories,
Came o'er his soul like breath of morn,
And in the beauty of those plains
That e'en the Gods had deign'd to bless
With presence of their holiness,
He all his burning wrongs forgot—
That far from this delightful spot,
By his ungrateful country driven,
Like the spurn'd sea-weed, upwards cast

By its inconstant element,
The sport of every wind of heaven,
He had his cheerless youth's prime past
In cold and withering banishment.
While he, his hated rival, swayed,
In all the pomp of power arrayed,
The Archon's sceptre o'er a clime
By treachery won, maintained by crime.
Yes, in that holy hour when Heaven
Mingled in unison with earth,
His country's wrongs were all forgiven;
'Twas still the land that gave him birth,
And though his hopes of fame were blown
Away by faction's noisy breath,
And though the Archon's helmet shone
On Melacomas' tyrant head,
He felt, in his own isle, even death,
With all its darkness, all its dread,
Was better than to tread alone—
A wanderer under alien skies—
A foreign solitude, unknown,
And void of beauty to his eyes." p. 17.

The glance of Chrestogiton dwells with delight on the various objects endeared to him by early recollections;—the sacrificial pomp, the groves of date and myrtle, the beautiful votresses of the sea-born deity, and all that contributed to make—

"The grove
A temple and a dream of love."

At length,—

"As Chrestogiton strayed among
The beauties of that holy place,
Where nature's lavish hand had flung
Her gorgeous gifts, as if to trace
An image of Elysium there,
One of the gayest richest bowers
That ever spread its painted flowers
To the soft wooing summer air,
Broke on his vision—with a maid
Enshrined within its sweets, and fair
As snow-flakes in mount Athos' shade." p. 19.

This fair being, in whom the deposed Archon becomes immediately and powerfully interested, is a young Roman and a christian, who with her father, Appianus, had begun a new worship in the isle of Cyprus. While making extracts from this delicious little poem, we feel that we do it an injury;—it must be read entire to be justly estimated. Chrestogiton, by falling in love with a christian maiden, becomes converted to christianity himself.

"Oh! purer far than sunbeams stealing
Into a dark sea-hidden mine,
Its buried treasury revealing,
Where gold and pearls and jewels shine,
Is the first dawning of those beams
Which truth and faith from heaven reflect
Upon the darkened intellect,
Obscured by clouds and pagon dreams." p. 22.

The passion of the Cyprian is reciprocated by the young Roman—

"Their's is a dream of love and heaven,
Pure as the sleeping thoughts that speak
In smiles upon an infant's cheek.
And many an eve, as day declines
Upon the mountains of the west,
Brightening the amber-colored vines,
That on their emerald bosoms rest;
And many a stilly night, when stars,

Like gay sultannas of the skies,
Glide o'er the vault in living cars,—
Seated beneath the canopies
Of rosy bowers, they pour the tone
Of prayer to the eternal throne
Of the great God of heaven and earth,
While all around, on heathen shrines,
The offering of pollution shines,
And the loud revelry of mirth,
And lewdness and unholy prayer;—
Like pestilence rise upon the air." p. 25.

But the usual tribulations of love are experienced. Melacomas, the usurper, likewise becomes enamored of Horentia, the Roman maid;—his suit is rejected, and he denounces vengeance on Appianus, his daughter and Chrestogiton. The three christians are doomed to death by wild beasts in the amphitheatre. Chrestogiton eloquently declares the truths of his adopted religion to the assembled multitude;—he afterwards slays the lion, which concludes the action of the poem. Then—

"On each others necks, the three
Unite in thanks to heaven, while rise
From heathen lips, in the same hour,
Praises to the true deity,
The christians' God of mighty power;" etc. p. 41.

The next piece is called "*Abraham's Sacrifice*." This poem, and most that follow, are paraphrases on the passages of scripture to which they relate;—but the author has inserted many gems from the rich treasury of his own fancy, which give the subjects, (however familiar in themselves,) all the zest of novelty.

"There is, amid the majesty of mounts,
Whose towering summits seem to pillar heaven,
A sense of solitude, a loneliness
Chill and oppressive to the awe-struck soul—
And deeply Abraham felt it, as he stood
Upon Moriah's heights, and saw around
A thousand hills, rearing their azure fronts
Above the clouds, flinging back on the plain
The lengthened shadows of their giant forms.
How awful and how still was all around!
Hushed was the lip of every echo—voice
Was not on all the air: no rustling leaf
Trembled upon its stem; amid the boughs
Tongue, pennon, plume was still;—the very clouds
Pois'd their bright purple wings and hovered o'er.
The painful breathing of the youth alone
Stole on his ears." p. 46.

It was our purpose at the commencement, to notice each poem of the "Scriptural Anthology" separately; but the imperious necessities of time and space will compel us to be more concise. We will, therefore, make a few more extracts at random, ere we proceed to offer a general opinion of the work and of the poetical abilities of the author.

The following lines are in the true Miltonian vein, and might almost be mistaken for the production of that mighty bard:—

"Now Israel's murmurs cease, and every eye
Is turned upon the ocean, where the deep
Is cleft asunder to its rocky bed,
And the vast waters curl on either side
Back on themselves, like parchment scrolls, and stand
Immoveable as adamantine walls
Guarding some palace of the far down sea.

"The fiery column, on whose shaft were graved
The hieroglyphics of the terrible God,

Moving in solemn majesty, aspires
To heaven betwixt the hosts,—a battlement
Rear'd by th' Almighty's hands, from which his smile
In radiance beams on Israel, and his frown
Falls on their foes in darkness, like the folds
Of the broad ebon bannerets of death.
Deep awe has sealed in silence every lip
And filled each heart with reverence, and with step
Slow paced and solemn, Israel's host descends
Into the chambers of the mighty deep,
Lit by th' Almighty's watch-fire, and impress
Mid gems and rosy shells, the print of feet
Upon the sanded pavements of the sea." p. 91.

The following is highly descriptive of the wickedness of the Antediluvians, and contains a fine specimen of personification:—

"In the mother's breast
Lust maddened like a plague-spot—daughters caught
The damning taint, and veiled in loosened robes
Of harlotry their beauties. Children learned
To troll the wanton's carol; and the lips
Of infants, in precocious guilt, were turned
To sin, lisping obscenity. Rapine preyed
Upon the widow and the orphan: Rage
Knitted his brazen brow, and gnashed his teeth;
Pale Envy gnawed her thin and livid lips;
Dark Malice drugged his brother's cup with bane;
Hate struck with piercing eye his victim's soul,
And Murder with envenomed steel his heart:
War trod with iron heel upon the neck
Of slaughtered foes, and from his nodding plumes
Shook the red dews of death; and Violence
Bid Havoc speed o'er earth, till it became
One wide and dread Aceldama of blood." p. 52.

The convulsions of the globe, caused by the flood, are herein forcibly depicted:—

"The primal curse of sin that smote the earth
Was blent with mercy;—but an angry God
For ruthless vengeance girdeth now himself,
And lifts the arm of chastisement, oh earth!
That thou, throughout all coming time, mayest bear
As a memorial of the curse of sin,
The cicatrices of the scourge of God,
Upon thy giant sides."

"The hidden fountains of the mighty deep
Are broken up, and the tumultuous sea,
That stretched his boundless arms, and folded earth
In close embrace, is maddened into foam—
*And like a bridegroom, in whose ruthless breast
Love is exchanged for hate, turns darkly fierce
And rends his sorrowing bride."*

These passages afford striking examples of Mr. Brooks' powers of vivid description, in which he has a peculiar happiness. The reader who has been conversant with the sacred writings from his youth, must confess, on a perusal of the Anthology, that he never had so distinct a conception of scriptural occurrences before. In the poem called "*Elijah fed by the Ravens*," we have the following view of the brook Cherith, the quiet beauty of which is delineated with a masterly hand:—

"The myriad stars
Blow in the deep blue heaven, and the moon
Pours from her beamy urn a silver tide
Of living rays upon the slumbering earth.
The tree-tops glitter;—through their parting boughs,
Rocked by the night-breeze to a gentle rest,
The moon-beams quiver, and the waves beneath
Of the brook Cherith brighten, as they roll,
Cooling the herbage of the thirsty banks,
In gentle purtings, like the cheerful voice
That glads the heart of Charity."

The "*Destruction of Jerusalem*" is an article of intense interest. The following lament of the Savior over the favored but rebellious city, is a beautiful versification, nearly embodying the scriptural:—

"Jerusalem! oh! that to thee the time
Of thy blest visitation had been known,
Then thy vast palaces and towers sublime,
Earth-strewn and lone,
Had not become a seat for desolation's throne.

Peace and the things of peace from thee are hid,
Removed forever from thy guilty eyes;
And shrouded hope sleeps 'neath her coffin lid;
Hadst thou been wise
Thou hadst not dared the storm of God's dread mysteries.

The sunshine of thy glorious radiance sets
In tarnished lustre on thy beauteous home,
And gloom is gathering round thy minarets,
In clouds that come
To bathe in fire and blood, gold pinnacle and dome.

Foes shall beleague thy devoted wall,
Thy ramparts fail—thy battlements be riven—
The heathen shout amid thy temples fall;
And fierce be driven
The ploughshare o'er thee of the wrath of heaven.

Jerusalem!—how have I sought to bring
Thy gates to gladness: Oh! what have I done
To woo thy children under mercy's wing!
Ah, stiff-necked one,
Thou hast despised my love, and art, alas! undone."

The extraordinary magnificence of some of Mr. Brooks' descriptions, are further exemplified by the following lines from the "*Passage of the Red Sea*;" a poem from which we have already made one quotation above, and of which the verses below are the opening:—

"Day's glories are expiring. In the west
The sun has canopied his sapphire throne
With clouds of paly gold, whose billowy folds,
Softened in shadow, far o'er ether blend
With the gray tapestry of early night.
Beneath his parting smile, the tranquil sea
Blows like the cheek of beauty; and his rays
Burnish the towers of Migdol, and incinct,
As with a crown of gold, the giant head
Of Pihahiroth, that looks grimly down,
Like a gray sentinel upon the sea." p. 88.

Descriptions of female beauty are usually prosaic and often insipid;—the portraiture of Herodia's daughter, which we transcribe, is in excellent taste, and very poetical.

"She was rich
In all youth's loveliness. Her jewelled hair
Hung o'er the marble throne of thought in folds
Of graceful drapery, or cloud-like, waved
In curls upon her alabaster neck.
From out the fringes of the snowy lid
Her intellectual eye its radiance sent,
And lit with living flame her blooming cheek,
Where smiling love amid the roses played;
And, parting o'er a string of pearls, her lips,
Arching and curved, shone like the coral bow
Whence Cupid points his darts. Her graceful form
Its fair proportions, through her robe, revealed,
In sylph-like beauty; and as in the dance
She threaded the wild maze, her presence bound
With magic spell, while 'neath her eye's bright ray,
The flood-tide of each bosom gushed amain,
As heaves the sea beneath the silver moon." p. 98.

The article called "*The Destruction of Sodom*," commences thus—

"Night's death-like reign was o'er—its pulseless sleep,
And streams of light, like purple currents, flushed
With a new life the morning's cold, pale cheek;
The sun rode up the orient, and the hills,
To herald in the king of day, had lit
Their thousand beacons—the fair sky unfurled
Her cloudy bannerets of rosy folds—
The dewy earth arrayed herself in gems
To greet his coming; and upon the air,
Rich with the perfumes which the spicy flowers
Shook from their crimson censers, rose the peal
Of nature's anthem; while each mount and stream
That met his glance, reflected back his smiles." p. 108.

The terrific description that follows, is the more striking by being contrasted with the serene loveliness of the scenery exhibited in the foregoing passage:—

"Anon the clouds shook from their ebon plumes
Dew drops of flame; the baleful lightning rained
Its lurid hail of brimstone and of fire,
In ceaseless storm, and heaven's artillery poured
Its storm of thunder on the smoking plain;
And city,—forest,—shrub, and e'en the ground,
In the great censer of the wrath of God,
Went up to heaven in flame." p. 109.

The holy fortitude of the Apostle Paul, in the presence of Agrippa, is admirably illustrated:—

"Before the judgment-seat, circled with spears
Of grim-faced warriors, see the man of God!
Although the scrutinizing eye of Kings
Searches each lineament, as if to scan
The workings of his soul, he calmly stands,
Like some colossal column, which the clouds,
Darkened with thunder, lower upon in vain." p. 131.

The eloquent defence of the Saint is finely set forth; but of this also, our limits will permit us to make but a short extract:—

"In simple phrase, he sketched his pious youth;
How zealous of the duties of the law,
Its rites and ceremonies—he had lived
'A Pharisee after the strictest sect;
And how, in after years, when growing thought
Had ripened into judgment, he had stood
At the renown'd Gamaliel's feet, and conned
The Talmud scroll, and the mysterious lore
Of ancient doctors, with unwearied mind,
Spinning a lengthened line of years of thought,
The depth to fathom of the mighty pool
Of moral science," &c. p. 132.

Our next quotation is from the "*Adoration of the Wise Men*."

"The infant King of Kings they found—
His palace was a stall;
His mother all the court around—
The hay his royal pall:
His sceptre, straw—his diadem,
The star that shone o'er Bethlehem." p. 165.

There is an expressive simplicity in these lines which reaches the heart by the most direct avenue. The subjoined apostrophe to woman is unrivalled:

"Beside the bed of pain
Thou art an angel; when with pitying eye
And noiseless tread, thy light and fairy feet,
Ministering to woe, 'like golden apples,' shine

In silvery pictures; and thy soothing voice,
Like oil upon the ocean billows, calms
The tempest of the soul. But when thy heart
Estranged to tenderness, becomes a sea
Of selfishness, icy and frozen, where
Pity's magnetic needle trembles not;
And sorrow's wail falls lightly on thy ear;
And misery's garb unheeded meets thy sight,
And deeds of horror, and the guilt of blood!
Thou art a MONSTER!

Though thy speaking eye
Outflash the sun, thy cheek out blush the rose,
Thy voice out swell the spheres—thy golden hair
Out gleam the sun-light; and although thy step
Be prouder than the ungovernable sea;
And though thy mind with jewelled thoughts be rich
As heaven, with all its garniture of stars,
Thou art a MONSTER, to thy sex, thy name,
Thy nature and thy God!" p. 102.

The stanzas entitled the "*Heavy Laden*," are irresistibly pathetic:—

* * * * *
"I saw her on her bridal morn—the rose
Upon her dimpled cheek, and on her brow
Hope's signet set, a talisman to woes—
Her nuptial vow
A rainbow tint o'er all her beauties throws.

Bright grew her eyes, as to her spouse she spoke,
And shed a radiance o'er her features fair;
And as the utterance from her full heart broke,
It told how there
The gushing feelings of affection woke.

I saw her sallow cheek with hectic flushed;
The brilliance of her eye was quenched and gone;
The mellow voice that once like music gushed
Had lost its tone,
Her tender heart was by th' intemperate crushed.

Her hopes were blighted;—he who was her all,
Revelling, in vice, in harlotry and wine,
Cast o'er life's prospects all, a gloomy pall—
Bowed to their shrine,
And pour'd for her the wormwood and the gall.

I saw her, when upon her forehead fair
The death-damps gathered, and the icy chill;
No soothing spouse with kindly voice was there,
Her fears to still—
Her crushed heart broke. Where is her spirit? where?

I saw the broken-hearted in her shroud,
Coffined and borne to tenant the cold ground;
While he, with blood-shot eyes and aspect proud,
Stared careless round—
The only tearless eyes I saw among the crowd!"

We now come to the last example we shall offer; and were there nothing else, we should say that *this* is sufficient to establish Mr. Brooks' reputation as a poet. The poem is short, and as its harmony, beauty of diction, depth of thought, and sublime imagery, must be apparent to every reader, we insert it entire without further comment.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

"The deep foundations of the earth are thine—
Laid by thy hands Almighty, when of old
From ancient chaos order rose, and light
From darkness—beauty from a shapeless mass.
A glorious orb from its Creator's hands
It came, in light and loveliness arrayed.

Crowned with green emerald mounts tinted with gold
And wearing as a robe the silver sea,
Seeded with jewels of resplendent isles.

"The awful heavens are thine—the liquid sun
That heaves his fiery waves beneath thy eye—
The ocean-fount of all the streams of light,
That pour their beamy treasures through the wide
Illimitable ether, watering with their rays
The wide-spread soil, to where the burning sands
Of dark immensity, eternal barriers throw
Against the flowing of their crystal streams,
Was from the God-head's urn of glory poured.

"The stars are thine—thy character grand,
In which, upon the face of awful heaven,
Thy hand has traced, in radiant lines, thy grace,
Thy glory, thy magnificence and power,
For eye of man, and angel to behold—
And read, and gaze on, worship and adore.
These shall grow old—the solid earth with years
Shall see her sapless body shrivel up,
And her gray mountains crumble piece-meal down
Like crypt and pyramid to primal dust.

"The sea shall labor; on his hoary head
Shall wave his tresses silvered o'er with age—
The deep pulsations of his mighty heart,
That bids the blood-like fluid circulate
Through every fibre of the earth, shall cease;
And the eternal heavens, in whose bright folds,
As in a starry vesture, thou art girt,
Shall lose their lustre, and grow old with years;
And as a worn out garment, thou shalt fold
Their faded glories, and they shall be changed
To vesture bright, immortal as thyself.
Yea, the eternal heavens, on whose blue page
Thy glory and magnificence are traced,
With age shall tarnish, and shall be rolled up
As parchment scrolls of abrogated acts,
And be deposited in deathless urns,
Among the archives of the mighty God.

"Thou art the same—thy years shall never fail;
In glory bright when every star and sun
Shall lose their lustre and expire in night.
Immortal all, when time and slow decay
Imprint their ravages on nature's face;
Triumphantly secure, when from the tower
Of highest heaven's imperial citadel,
The bell of nature's dissolution toll;
And sun, and star, and planet be dissolved,
And the wide drapery of darkness hang
A gloomy pall of sable mourning round
Dead nature, in the grave of chaos laid."

The last article in the volume is called "*Decay*," a poem in the heroic measure, and abounding with beautiful passages; but, as we have hinted before, we do not expect to do justice to this book by making extracts; and we will not promise that those we have already made are among the best that could have been selected. We take the book as a whole, and with this view of it, we do not fear to pronounce it one of the best volumes of American poetry that we have met with; and we feel assured that we speak within bounds when we call it *one* of the best. They who are really friendly to American literature, should encourage works of this class, in opposition to the affected, mystified, and in one word, *nonsensical* rhymes, which are called poetry, for no better reason than that we can imagine, than because their authors have, extra-judicially, been pronounced poets. Mr. Brooks is one of those few poetical writers of the present day who dare to utter *sense*; a species of

adventure for which few others now before the public have either the courage or the qualifications. Because some great poets have occasionally written like fools, there are persons who seem to argue and act on the principle, that to write foolishly is presumptive evidence of poetic talent. Now, one of the ablest critics that the world ever saw, has said, that "good sense is the foundation of all good poetry."* To suppose that good sense is incompatible with the decorations of fancy, is as idle, as to imagine that a Corinthian entablature may not surmount a column of strength and durability.

Lord Byron writes to Tom Moore in the following remarkable strain:—

"We of the present age may flatter ourselves with surpassing the poets of the preceding century,—but we are deceived,—we are infinitely inferior." And what was it that chiefly distinguished the poets of the preceding century from those with whom we have the honor to be contemporary?—Why, it was judgment, freedom from German affectation, and the abominable heresies of the *Lakists*. Since the appearance of *Goethe* and *Schiller*, two-thirds of our authors, British and American, have adopted more or less of their fooleries; they do not consider that it requires the *genius* of a *Goethe* to make his absurdities tolerable. But Mr. Brooks is a writer of the old school;—he deals not in the incomprehensible; he delights not in presenting distorted images of human nature; he has chosen for his models those great masters whose fame is not based on the whims and temporary predilections of any country or generation.

In speaking of poets, and of authors in general, it is a proper mode of inquiry, to ask, not if they have any faults, but what those faults are. The golden opinions which the author of "Scriptural Anthology" has won from us, shall not dazzle our eyes so as to disable us from answering the above question. Mr. Brooks' faults are those of a young writer, and from which no young writer is free. Occasionally, but not frequently, we detect a want of originality, both in thought and expression, and sometimes his figures may perhaps be considered too bold. But this latter fault, (if fault it may be called,) is one which we are happy to see in the young aspirant for literary fame;—it is an indication of that adventurous spirit which is evermore the concomitant of genius.

Of the *style* of Mr. Brooks' writings, we can judge only from the specimens now before us; and this mode of making up an opinion is liable to some objections. An author's style frequently varies with his subject, and the materials with which he has to work. We think it will generally be found that a poet's writings exhibit more fluency of language, when his only resources are those of imagination; for *facts* place him under a constraint, which will always be more or less communicated to his forms of expression. Some constraint of this kind is discernible in the *Scriptural Anthology*;—the construction of the verse, in places, is broken and somewhat harsh;—though in general the versification is harmonious, and, in many instances, exceedingly so. But while we are in the carping humor, we must take exception to a few words which Mr. Brooks has taken the liberty of introducing, not only into this book, but,

as we think, into the language. We refer to such words as *opalled*, *centi-portal*, *charactery*, and several others which we cannot now recollect. But we can well afford to pardon such trifling misdemeanors, when we consider the promise of the writer, and what he has already accomplished.

The author of "Scriptural Anthology" came before the public, subject to many of the disadvantages to which we have reference at the beginning of this article. He is not one of those who are capriciously puffed into notoriety, who are hurried onward for a while by the gale of popular acclamation, and are then left stranded and abandoned as objects of accumulated contempt; his, we trust, is that species of fame, which though slower in its progress, bids fair to advance prosperously to the end of the voyage. His reputation as an author has been steadily on the increase, and the obstacles he has surmounted are among the strongest proofs of his merit. By exercising his talents in the sacred cause of religion, he has undoubtedly made some sacrifice, as far as *popularity* is concerned. But his refusal to minister to the depraved appetite of the times, and to prostitute his noble faculties in the service of folly and immorality, is a circumstance that must remunerate him with the good opinion of all whose good opinion is valuable.

We are given to understand that this work was produced in moments of relaxation from severer scholastic duties,—this, with the further consideration that the author is yet quite a young man, justifies us in expecting much from the future emanations of his intellect. That he has not been taken under the auspices of a certain *clique*, who would fain constitute themselves the literary divan of the country, speaks much in his favor—for it is a part of the policy of this body to neglect, or sneer at, a new writer whose pretensions, they may think, bid fair to eclipse their own, or those of their friends and favorites. The name of Nathan C. Brooks, however, has often been presented to the public in very advantageous circumstances, and he will be extensively recognized as a valued correspondent of several of the best periodicals in the country.

We deem it a commendable trait to be interested for those whom we know to be unfairly treated;—and on this ground we are called to become the advocate of those writers of merit, (and such there are,) who are most unjustly neglected,—that others may be exalted with equal injustice. We have seldom been accused of an inordinate taste for eulogy, and we have ever been disposed to say, with the appropriate motto of the *Edinburgh Review*, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*;"—so that we may indulge a reasonable hope of having our commendations regarded with more respect than the panegyrics of the press are usually entitled to receive from the public.

The adaptation of the "Scriptural Anthology" for a Christmas or birth day present is a good idea, and very creditable to the judgment of the publishers. We wish it no better chance for success than to be compared with other books designed for similar purposes.

There is a catalogue of the names and works of bards before Homer.

* Dr. Johnson—Life of Pope.

CONJECTURAL READING OF

A PASSAGE IN HAMLET.

Act IV—Scene 7.

KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

LAERTES. Why ask you this?

KING. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is *begun** by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time *qualifies the spark and fire of it*.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, *that will abate it*;
And nothing is *at a like goodness still*;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much.

If this is not *obscurum per obscurius*, I am mistaken.
The word *begun* is in all the editions, and I find no other
explanation of what is, as it stands, so unintelligible.
Read the following passages, and be astonished, as I
am, that the appropriate word did not strike *some one*,
at least, of the commentators, to whom they must have
occurred, in the course of their labors.

"How shall we *beguile* the lazy time?"

Mid. N. D. 5. 1.

"Would *beguile* nature of her custom."

Winter's Tale, 5. 2.

"I *beguile* the thing I am, by seeming otherwise."

Othello, 2. 1.

"This palpable gross play hath well *beguiled* the
heavy gait of night."

Mid. N. D. 5. 1.

"You have *beguiled* me with a counterfeit."

King John, 3. 1.

The King, in Hamlet, *practises upon* Laertes, by admitting his affection for his father, (whom Hamlet had killed,) but by insinuating that "Time had *beguiled* his grief." Dr. Johnson says, of "Measure for Measure," "There is perhaps none of Shakspeare's Plays more darkened by the peculiarities of the author, *the unskilfulness of his editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription*." This remark is, more or less, applicable to Hamlet; and the stupidity of substituting '*begun*' for '*beguile*,' in this passage, is as strong a proof of it as could be given. It is, indeed, inconceivable that the easy and obvious correction here proposed, supported as it is by so many parallel passages, should have escaped the acumen of a man like Dr. Johnson, who has restored the true reading in many instances where it had escaped others.

The following passages are beautifully illustrative of the manner in which time *beguiles* us of our grief, in spite of ourselves—which is precisely what the King insinuates to Laertes, with a view to embitter him the more.

* "Love is *begun* by time." This (says Dr. Johnson's note on the passage) is obscure. The meaning *may be*, is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature; but begins at a certain time, from some external cause; and being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution."

"The subject of grief, for the loss of relations and friends, being introduced, I observed that it was strange how soon, in general, it wears away. Dr. Taylor mentioned a gentleman as the only instance he had ever known, of a person who strove to *retain* grief. He told Dr. T. that, after his wife's death, he *resolved* that the grief which he *cherished* should be *lasting*; but he found that he could not *keep it long*"—(it *beguiled* him.)

"JOHNSON. All grief for what, in the course of nature, cannot be helped, soon *wears away*."

"BOSWELL. But, sir, we do not approve of a man who very soon forgets the loss of a wife or a friend."

"JOHNSON. Sir, we disapprove of him, not because he soon forgets his grief; for, the sooner it is forgotten, the better: but because we suppose that, if he forgets so soon, he never had much affection."

Bosw. John. Anno 1777.

Again.

"EDWARDS. You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I, too, have tried to be one; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always *breaking in*"—(that is, time *beguiled* him.)

"Mr. Burke, (says Boswell,) and many other eminent men, to whom I have mentioned this, thought it an exquisite trait of character." (And of our general nature, which Shakspeare knew, and makes the King act upon that knowledge.) *Bosw. John. Anno 1778.*

DULL NEIGHBORHOOD.

IMPROMPTU.

I'm bored to write an article,
Yet, from my soul, I ask,
In vain, a single particle
Of spirit for the task:
The Muse has quite deserted me,
And in this weary town
My senses have inverted me,
And turn'd me upside down:
'Tis therefore, in my sinning now,
Whichever way I tend,
I find my each beginning now,
Becomes my latter end:
From those around inheriting
No impulses of might,
I vainly call the spirit in
Through which the poets write;
Which claims, in turn, the rivalry
Of kindred aims to stir
The soul, the wing, the chivalry,
Of mind, the highest spur!
But here, the folks—such asses all,
So vain, yet ignorant,
Their pride and folly passes all
Their impudence and cant—
In heaven, I hope, their punishment,
A punishment indeed,
May be an endless banishment,
With many books to read.

E*****

THE LADY ARABELLA.

[The account given by D'Israeli, in the 'Curiosities of Literature,' of the Lady Arabella, is itself so beautiful, that an attempt to give something of dramatic effect to his outline, by making the characters he has drawn speak for themselves, and by the introduction of others, as assistants to the history, almost demands an apology. To those who have not yet read D'Israeli, it may, however, have the merit of directing their attention to an article capable of affording an hour of rich entertainment; and they to whom it is no longer new, will not quarrel with anything which may recall it to their recollection. For my fidelity to the sketch given by the indefatigable author of the 'Curiosities,' I refer the reader to that amusing robbery of 'Oblivion.']

There was a huge fire blazing in the hearth, for the night was cold, and as Maud, the favorite waiting damsel of the Lady Arabella, trimmed the lamp, and once and again, altered the position of the huge chair which she had approached to the clear heat of the chimney, or busied herself with a silken night-dress, and other appliances of her lady's nightly toilet, many a long yawn convulsed the good, but somewhat decided features of the maiden, and the activity of her usually observant grey eyes, was evidently much diminished by the weariness of an enforced vigil.

"The Lady Arabella stays long to-night," murmured the damsel, drowsily; "well, well—she cannot help it. To be sure her Ladyship's duty to his Majesty and — necessity make a difference, and yet, methinks the King useth not my Lady over well;—but that is not my affair, and God be praised that it is not, since, with reverence, it is better to be an humble maiden, free to bestow her service or her love, than a Princess of the royal blood, dependent on the King's favor, jealously watched, and full oft harshly accounted of. It was but at Christmas, and she was before the council, and only because her Ladyship had a project of marriage—though, before God, it must be confessed my Lady hath a large heart, to entertain so many of these projects,—the more especially as they never ripen unto aught but trouble; and this easiness doth in the minds of men ill become a lady of her nearness to the throne. Ah! how do mine eyes tell over and over the hour—and it is of the latest. I would, I would my Lady were in bed!" Here the waiting woman sat her down, and after a few minutes, first a nod, and then a nasal flourish, gave some slight evidence of exhaustion and repose.

But not long to endure was this refreshing lapse from watching into rest. The Lady Arabella entered her chamber, dressed in the stately robes of the day, and her slight figure ornamented with the profuse adornment of gold and jewels, then appropriate to seasons of festival. Her cheek, usually paler than is commonly held to consist with beauty, was now flushed, and her eyes shone with a lustre even deeper than their wont. Something had evidently pleased the Lady; for when she awakened her surprised and somewhat startled attendant, there was a suppressed joyousness in the tone with which she jested with, rather than chid her for her exceeding slumberousness, which speedily reassured the discomposed damsel.

"Now, by my word, Maud, but it is a rare thing, and one to be commended, that I, a lady of the royal blood, should come into my lodging at the court, and find thee, my sworn damsel of attendance, sleeping, like a miller's wife among her bags, after a full potation

of ale, or a supper of brawn and onions. Nay, look not so startled, Maud. I purpose not to hang thee—no! nor to bestow upon thee, as thou well deservest, some of those "privy nips," long the dread of prouder women in the service of my late wise, but somewhat fervent cousin, the Virgin Queen. God help me! but I envy not her title. But hasten—hasten, Maud—undo this chain and bestow it in the casket. And, trust me, to punish thy drowsiness, I will keep thee in attendance one mortal hour at the least."

"Something has pleased your Ladyship."

"Why, thou art not sorry that I am not vexed?" said the lady Arabella, laughing with that exquisite sense of secret pleasure, which expressed itself indirectly in a clear burst of exuberant merriment. "And yet, by my faith, it is scarcely wise even to laugh unrestrainedly within court precincts, and considering that I am cousin to the King."

"Wherefore consider the last reason, madam?" said the maiden demurely.

"Oh! the council, Maud, the council—and the reproofs, public and private, of my good cousin, his Majesty, whom, if I did not heartily love, I should heartily hate—if for once in this false world, I may dare to speak the truth. My nature was not made to be controlled, and that I should be called up, like a froward girl, that mindeth neither book nor sampler, and chidden before the council, or privately threatened into good behavior. In good truth, Maud, it hastens the throbbing of a princely heart. But neither bolt nor bar—far less the call of the falconer, can always check the hawk's wing when it would mount upwards, and methinks my spirit would fain soar beyond the restraints of its accustomed limits."

"I pray you, madam, in God's name, what hath happened?" said Maud, dismayed at her Lady's manner, for whenever there was an outburst of this independence extraordinary, she had, from experience, become assured there was always something to be paid for it.

"Out upon thee! Thou hast the face of an owl, when a candle is held to his eyes, and but that I need thine aid, and even thy counsel—for, heaven prosper me! I have none other—I would pack thee off to bed, to dream away the night in anxious forebodings."

"Forebodings so faithful to your service, madam."

"Oh! he loves me—he loves me, Maud," said the Lady, sinking into her easy chair, and suffering her attendant to throw over her fair bosom and arms the silken night dress. "This proud, this noble Seymour, this courteous gentleman, this knightly scholar, of whom every lady in England's court maketh fair account,—he loves me, Maud, for it is not twenty minutes since his own lips breathed it."

"Now God forbid!" ejaculated Maud.

"And why should He forbid it, maiden?" said the Lady, angrily starting from the rapture of illusion: "Wherefore, I say, should He forbid it? It is a fair match and an equal. He is my cousin, and also of the royal blood—and he was the companion of my childhood."

"Patience, dearest Lady, if I remind you of the King——"

"Oh! the King! the King! the King!—the council! the council! the council! I pray thee name neither for

a month again, for my heart is sick already with the boding cawing of that excellent Scottish rook, the Lady Jane Drummond, on this very theme. Patience? I tell thee, girl, patience sits with her teeth on edge, and rejects sour counsel! Oh! lay aside all wholesome irksomeness! Speak to my heart, Maud, speak to my heart, for I do assure thee I love him fervently."

"I trust, dearest Lady, nevertheless——"

"Take nought on trust, Maud, I counsel thee," said the Lady Arabella, desperately jesting down her own disquietude. "I tell you I do ardently love this gentleman, and would the Heavens so far prosper our wishes as to unite us, I think never prayer of mine should weary them for more."

"Speak not so, my dearest mistress," said the waiting damsel, in a tone of earnest deprecation, "consider how the King, when formerly you entertained divers projects of marriage——"

"Ah! of these," said the Lady, blushing deeply, "of these I can only think to shame myself that my heart should have lent itself so idly where it nothing felt!"

"Wherefore then, madam, may I ask with reverence?"

"Wherefore? Oh! Maud, to be myself—to be free—to hear never more the Scottish eloquence of jealous King James—to see suspicion never more mar the promise of my young cousin, the Prince Henry—never more to be the pensioner of the royal bounty—never more to have my liberal nature mewed up by frugal bounds—never more to endure the taunts of my own high spirit, that scorns its own state—and, oh! more than all, to dwell in mine own halls, beloved and free! Thoughts like these may well excuse the easiness which, doubtless, all condemn—the entertainment of those silly—projects didst thou call them?—But these, Maud, these were nothing! Oh! never hast thou loved, maiden, if thou knowest not that to affection such motives are indeed nothing. Seymour, noble Seymour, is but a young brother, and his means are slender; and yet, believe me, girl, rather would I clasp his hand at the altar than to mount the Polish throne."

The damsel remained silent, for this was a new phase of her Lady's fortunes, and moreover a secret pleading apt to be latent in female hearts, arose within her, and interested her strangely in this ill-starred business.

"I tell thee, Maud," resumed the Lady Arabella, after a brief pause, during which she had appeared to be particularly restless—"I tell thee, Maud, there is help to be had of thee. I have promised to see him here and alone, and to hear that which he hath to say."

"Now the Heaven's forbid it, madam! Alone say you, and at this hour? Bethink you—the danger—the—the discredit——"

"Discredit said'st thou?" exclaimed the Lady disdainfully, "and at this hour? Why, what makest thou me, simplest Maud? Has then thy Lady so borne her like a light-minded French woman, that thou should'st thus question the conduct of an English Princess? I said *here*, and alone, truly—but not to-night."

"Now, God be praised!" said the damsel, much relieved, for she had begun to think of the royal indignation with some dismay, should a proceeding so unusual ever meet detection. "But how then does your Ladyship mean?"

"He comes hither to-morrow," replied the Lady

Arabella; "do thou watch for him, Maud—admit him and deny me to all else. Thou comprehendest!—It is but to say that I would be alone, and thy task is done."

"It is not for me to deny you service, dearest Lady," said Maud hesitating—"yet I pray you consider."

"Oh! Maud I have indeed considered, and I find him the noblest gentleman in England! I would, indeed, I had considered less of it, for thy terrible forebodings disquiet, though they cannot shake me. I believe, in truth, ye both mean me well, and yet, as I would desire God for my guide, I do freely avow to thee, I think there be not two such boding birds in broad England, as thou and the Lady Jane Drummond!"

"Her Ladyship is indeed your well-wisher, madam," answered Maud gravely, "and trust me, dearest Lady, a fancy so briefly conceived—the fancy of a month—a month could cure."

"Never!" said the Lady resolvedly, "thou doest not know me. Why think you, had I ever loved any of these suitors who have hitherto been spoken of, that the Christmas gifts, or Christmas revels wherewith the King purposeth to divert the attention of light feminities could ever have attracted mine? Again girl, I say thou doest not know me!—And oh! Maud, thou art neither of temper nor quality to consider him fairly, or thou would'st see that my fate is ascertained?"

"Would, would it were indeed so established, madam," said Maud sorrowfully, "and yet——"

"Answer me, Maud," said the high-spirited Lady—"answer me with a promise to lend thyself to my wishes, or plainly let me see that I must count no more upon the fidelity of my long trusted maiden."

"That shall you never see, madam," replied the girl firmly—"yet——"

"Yet if this affair come ever to his Majesty's ear, what will then be said unto Maud Gurton? Was not that thy thought? Believe me, girl, there will then be a loftier quarry struck at."

"Now, Heaven forgive you, madam!" said Maud hastily, and coloring to the very brow, "give me your commands, and depend upon me as heretofore."

"Why this is indeed thyself, my faithful Maud. So now to bed, girl, for thou hast already watched late, and art weary, and to-morrow—to-morrow? Oh, how lingeringly dear sounds that word now upon mine ear!" said the Lady lapsing into reverie. Her attendant glided away.

Brief was the time after this night, which was that preceding candlemas, ere the Lady Arabella was again called before her old tormentors of the council; and William Seymour, also, was summoned to answer a charge so serious in those days, in the eyes of Majesty, that it was little less than treason to have committed the imprudence it implied. Somewhat pacified, however, by the assurance of the parties, that they had never intended marriage without his Majesty's approbation, King James, for the time, pardoned them, and suffered them to remain at liberty upon the faith of such promises as the anxiety of the conjuncture extorted from them.

Two months afterwards, the Lady Arabella again sat at night in her chamber (now no longer in the court) alone, and reading by the light of a lamp. Her features were paler than when she had burst upon the affrighted Maud, in her lodging at the Palace, fresh from a festi-

val and high in hopes, even then, however, checkered with terrible misgivings. Even whilst she read, a gazer upon her lonely studies might have fancied the pensiveness of her face a shade, cast from some sad tale within the volume in her hand, save that the thin and pallid lineaments had already caught that earnest and somewhat sharpened outline, which explains more to an observant eye, than even the eloquence of sorrow. Suddenly the fair student threw down her book and listened. Some sound had caught her ear with which it was evidently joyfully familiar. Color mounted to her cheek, and she half rose from her chair. "It is—it is his voice!" she exclaimed, and full of agitation, she sank back into her seat. Then, had the reader been present, he might have heard stealthy steps along an outer chamber, and have afterwards beheld the face of a goodly gentleman at the opened door. He advanced into the apartment, and the meeting between him and the Lady was silently joyful. Their eyes shone, but their lips moved not, and only in the clasp of their united hands, might they express feelings to which neither gave utterance. At length the pleasure and surprise of the first meeting having subsided, the Lady motioned her lover to a seat, and placing herself beside him, manifested by her dappling cheek and tremulous manner, an agitation beyond that of gladness, and which not even the murmured affection of Seymour could at first soothe to quiet.

"It is the first time we have met," said the lover, smiling, "since the royal match-breaker's suspicions were aroused."

The Lady Arabella blushed.

"And I have not earlier ventured to seek the loveliest and the dearest—the lady of my heart," added Seymour, "because I would not—that my presence should bring disquiet unto her's, through the vigilance of our enemies."

"It is enough that I see you now, William," answered the Lady.

"And, oh! how very cheering it is to see a kind face, that looketh lovingly into mine, after the evil gaze and cold bearing of those about me."

"Hath then the time been so wearily spent, dearest?" said the Knight, "and who looketh coldly on thee, Lady of my heart?"

"His Majesty—the council—the court—all, Seymour, all but thee! But oh! William, what if I tell thee of his Majesty's interview with me—the Prince Henry being present—how bonnie King Jamie scolded me in gude Scotch, until, by mine honor, my southern ears were fain to relieve my burdened mind, by refusing to interpret unto it his Majesty's rage. And how submissively I simpered, and how dutifully professed, I can hardly hope to make Master William Seymour comprehend, except I refer him to his own letter to the privy council, wherein—"

"Wherein, Arbelle, his thought for thee outran his care for his own pure fame—wherein he spake like the young brother of a churl, rather than the son of a princely house, and yet was not dishonored, in being more true to his Lady than himself."

"Oh! Master Seymour, you have a ready wit!" said the Lady laughing; "but we were fortunate, however either may have managed, in achieving so easy an escape."

"Easy call you it?" said Seymour. "Methinks, dearest, as I look upon thy face, I behold the pallid traces of sorrow and anxiety. Call you this indeed an easy escape?" he added, taking her hand; "oh! no, Arbelle, no! not easy—nor vainly to be risked again. If we must trouble the heads of our rulers, let it not be said that we bore their wrath, while we gained nothing. No! Lady, let us bind ourselves in that golden chain, which Kings cannot break, nor time untie. It was to urge thee to this, Arbelle, that I came hither to night—to tell thee that the secret altar is prepared. Wed me now, and the good King will pardon what he cannot prevent—and then we will retire from the court to some green solitude, where, with letters to instruct us, and duties and affections to hallow existence, we may at least dwell in honorable retirement—all to each other—free—unwatched—happy! Shall it not be so, sweet Arbelle? Shall we not together leave this court, where loveliness withers, and wit hath yielded the palm to pedantry? Shall we not relinquish this miserable scene of hollow festivities, for a life-enduring blessedness, and a quiet home?"

It were not difficult to anticipate the answer of the Lady Arabella. Consent from a nature so loving and so free was yielded almost without a fear, and a private marriage was resolved upon, as the sole means of securing that union, to which each looked as to the certainty of happiness.

"But there is danger for thee, William," said the Lady; "infinite danger if the King, after his past declaration of his will respecting us, should at last discover—"

"That I am happier than his crown could make me without thee, Arbelle? Fear not, love! I have hitherto been, it is true, but a peaceful student; but there hath ever been that in my heart, which riseth in the presence of danger, as the waves to the joyous winds. Fear not for me. Why, sweet one, is not parting our worst danger?"

If you, who read this little chronicle of life's chief common-place—misfortune—have ever been in circumstances where, without power to modify your fortunes, or sympathy to soothe the irritations of a wayward fate, you have been continually subject to the wearing influence of suspicions and unvarying harshness, you may conceive, what I shall not describe, the warm, and joyful, and grateful affection, with which Arabella Stuart received the first breathings of hope—the first promise of deliverance, and, dearer than all, the unsleeping protection and tenderness of one who desired no greater happiness than to adopt as his own her fate.

Months rolled away, and the Lady Arabella was the wife of a young brother, of slender fortunes. Their intercourse was restrained by needful precaution, yet often they met, and in the uncertain blessing of their romantic and unprotected union, the unfortunate Princess found more happiness than had ever before fallen to her lot. She, for whose brow coronets and crowns had been so often proffered, had now in the possession of a devoted heart, found a bliss which a throne might not have afforded, and all dependent as they were—exposed to the buffetings of a thousand chances—in a bond unacknowledged, and a danger ever impending—they loved and hoped—and to love and hope, is to be happy.

But the spring of the year passed away. The joyous season vanished, and with the spring-time of nature faded the uncertain happiness of a fated creature. In the month of July, ere the hapless lady had been for one year the wife of William Seymour, the King and council were in possession of a fact, in which the sum total of their earthly good was comprehended. Perhaps the eyes of vigilant enemies had been upon them; perhaps they had themselves been unguarded; but, however betrayed, their union was no longer secret, and the cautious jealousy of the King was in full exercise against them. Pious James had decided to sever a bond sanctified by the church of which he was himself the head, and the laws of England were still so nigardly in their provisions for the welfare of the subject, that the rulers of the realm, without the possibility of appeal, passed sentence against two, who had, however, transgressed no known or established ordinance. They were prisoners of state—the Princess in the house of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth—Mr. Seymour in the tower. Neither was, however, subjected to very rigorous confinement. Seymour, at large in the tower, was taught to consider this restraint the mildest infliction which could have been anticipated at the hands of angry Majesty; and the Lady Arabella at the house of Sir Thomas Parry, was regarded rather as a guest than a captive. Through the faithful service of their respective attendants, they still interchanged letters expressive of their unshaken and mutual affection. And this indulgence was now the greatest solace permitted them by a fate which had never promised aught to the Lady Arabella, which it had not afterwards, gloomily withdrawn.

Meanwhile, hope remained—hope, the last earthly blessing to desert us; and there were moments when, inspired by the gentle teaching of his Lady, Seymour could look beyond the sad circumstances of the harassed present. Then the limits of his prison, the cold aspect of his keepers, the cares of his severed heart, his exclusion from the world, and its trumpet-call to action, all the evils of his early darkened lot, faded from his sight; and days of royal favor, of merited popularity, of fortune, and of fame, glided into their place—and a stately home in England's green retirements, a love-blessed life of honor and utility, flowed before his mind like the radiant course of a prosperous history. Of all these was Arabella—his own, however sundered from his side—the presiding enchantress, through whose beneficent influence the spell obtained its beauty and its blessing. Alas! the princely home, the splendid destiny were indeed in store for him; but with them the magic was not to remain. The deep affections of his youth were indeed to mingle with this shining future; but another was to fill the place of his earliest beloved, and his first hopes and dearest blessings to sleep in silence, but not in forgetfulness, by the side of his loving, his gentle Arabella.

Nobly and generously, meantime, did the injured Princess plead with the state a cause to herself so passing dear. No act of kindness on the part of the king, even though the result of prudence or of necessity, were forgotten now, when his arbitrary exercise of authority might well have obliterated from the heart of the unhappy lady every trace of gratitude. Duty, respect, were still preserved, in every communication

with the narrow-minded monarch; yet how nobly eloquent was the prisoner's defence of her own most sacred tie—how powerful her pleading for that little boon of happiness which is so often denied by one of God's creatures to another, even when most easy to bestow. With the cool judgment of a pedantic critic, the King commended to advisers, skilled to conform to his majesty's opinion, the letter of one for whom nature had exerted her beautiful pathos, that statesmen might award—not justice to the gentle object of its endeavored protection—but a measured applause to the language of earnest supplication—the appeal of human tenderness and human grief. The Prince, Henry, touched by nature, but taught by man, added his admiration to the tribute of the council, but gave his approbation to measures which shut out hope.

Vainly did the lady's loving heart bear up against misfortune. The sap of endurance was gone, and despair was slowly gathering over her joyous nature. A letter from one of the few who now regarded her with sympathy—the Lady Jane Drummond—was a terrible addition to the disquietude of the captive; and if in her gayer hours she had been accustomed to consider the Scottish dame “a boding bird,” the gloomy, but just anticipations with which she now honored her fallen state, were well calculated to strengthen that early prepossession. Yet kindly thanks repaid the small sum of trouble and sympathy vouchsafed her by this Lady, and the needle-work with which she was wont to beguile the heaviness of her hours, was adapted to the fancy, and offered for the acceptance of their majesties, in the fond but futile hope that thus some former association might be renewed favorable to one who was once of their pleasures, and bound to them by blood. She had yet to learn that policy has no heart.

“Thine eyes are swollen with weeping, pretty Maud,” said Arthur Evans, one morning when Maud Gurton issued from the apartment of her Lady, tears still upon features which Arthur at least had learned to love—“What is the matter, my Maud? Is thy Lady ill?”

“Not ill in body, Arthur—at least illness is not my Lady's chief evil,” said Maud; “but sorely, sorely is my Lady tried—and while she maketh such moan as it acheth my heart to hear, how can I choose but weep?”

“It is indeed a piteous case, dearest Maud,” said Evans soothingly, “and I grieve the more for thine honorable Lady, that she hath ever been so kind to thee. Ah! happy are we who are not elevated above security!”

“But whilst my Lady suffers,” said Maud passionately, “what is security to me? Thinkest thou, Arthur Evans, that I, the sworn servant of her Ladyship, will ever take thought for myself, whether of safety or of happiness, whilst she lieth in disgrace and sorrow? Tell no such matter unto Maud Gurton!”

“Speak not so sharply, Maud,” said Arthur, coloring a little—“I meant thee no offence. But if I have unwittingly angered thee, I had better take my leave now, and remove the annoy that vexeth thee.”

“Go, then, if such be your will,” said Maud, fresh tears bursting forth at this reproachful sally. “Go, master Evans, and leave in the very depth of disquiet one for—for whom—”

“For whom I would peril my life a thousand times,” said Evans, much moved. “Forgive me, Maud—I was

wrong, I confess; but indeed, Maud, indeed, it seemed to me that your tone was of the sharpest—"

"I meant not unkindly, Arthur, even if I seemed so to speak," said the placable damsel, easily yielding the demanded pardon; "but here are fresh troubles come upon us, and my heart is greatly tried."

"Fresh troubles, Maud? but how?"

"All is discovered again. The King—God only knoweth how far his ears do reach—hath lighted on my Lady's correspondence with Master Seymour, and so greatly enraged is his Majesty, that he hath sent again to my Lady, and she is given in charge to my Lord the Bishop of Durham, and we are to be banished to his Lordship's see forthwith. And this breaking up of my Lady's correspondence with Master William—as if the poor papers that tell to each other how they fare, and wile away some few of the sick fancies from my Lady's heavy heart, could overthrow the state, or in aught disturb his Majesty's repose. And now her Ladyship doth nothing but wring her hands, and so despair, that I—I—Arthur, I cannot bear it! She will never survive this blow."

"Cheer up, Maud," said Evans, after a few minutes reflection. "I am, as thou knowest, but a poor gentleman; but if they lack not courage, help is often in the hands of the poor. Bid your Lady feign illness; her physician will, for pity, confirm her pleading; and thus the journey being delayed, we gain time——"

"For what?" asked Maud, in the extremity of bewilderment.

"Let time hatch that egg," answered Arthur, smiling. "Meanwhile I will enter myself of the Bishop's service, if possible. I am already known to his household, and my suit to thee, Maud, will appear a sufficient motive. But hasten to thy Lady—offer her my service, and assure her that she hath in Arthur Evans a true, though an humble friend—and a hostage for his fidelity in Maud Gurton."

The plea of illness was accordingly put in. But kings are little disposed to yield to the caprices of nature, and the journey towards Durham was commenced—the Lady lying in a litter, and in such a state of wild and reckless grief, that when they had proceeded as far as Highgate, the travellers halted, and the physician returned to town to make report of her Ladyship's condition. Meanwhile Arthur Evans had secured a place in the Bishop's household, and according to his order, overtook the cavalcade at Highgate, where he was directed to attach himself to the train about the captive Lady, and whence it was arranged that he should accompany her to Durham. But before he left London, he had, at risk of life, and in disguise, established a communication with Seymour, and he now brought with him what he knew was the best restorative for the hapless Lady—a letter from her husband. Entrusting it only to the pretty hands of Maud Gurton—hands the more delicate, that their chief service had hitherto been the adjustment of silken folds, or the arrangement of costly gems—he was rewarded—or what amounts to the same thing, he thought so, by the brightest gleam of pleasure he had for many days seen upon the face of the faithful Maud.

"Yet, Maud, he said," "caution thy lady not to lighten her mood. Bid her preserve a patient show of sadness, and continue apparently ill; and if she will to

answer this letter, let her trust to me, and I will do her errand without suspicion."

"Is there danger?" said Maud apprehensively.

"For me, Maud, but little—and thou would'st risk much, I warrant me, in thy Lady's service?"

"It were meet that, in mine own person, I did so," answered Maud, with downcast eyes; "It is my duty, and, for gratitude to my lady, it should be my willing service:—but thy life, Arthur—thy safety—these it can never be my duty to put in hazard."

"Now, a blessing on thy kind heart, my own Maud," cried Arthur Evans, printing upon her deep hued, but somewhat delicate cheek, an honest kiss, which did not pale its roses. Maud faintly repressed this outbreak of affection, and Evans respectfully deferred to her coyness.

"Nay, Maud, thy pardon! I meant not to offend thee. But truly, this thy kind care of me found its way to my heart, and I have loved thee long and truly enough to take this freedom without angering thee. But for the letter—fear not—there is no danger, and I have taken my measures wisely. Only, Maud, let thy lady beware how she name me in her letters. If I be discovered by any mishap, thou knowest her love and Master Seymour's must thenceforward glow unwritten. Care thou for this, Maud, and the rest is easy."

A glad woman was Maud Gurton, when she saw a faint gleam of pleasure upon the features of her lady—features wasted and pale, and for many days strangers to bright influences; and the thanks with which she paid the service of Master Evans, and the quiet confidence which she manifested in the sympathy of Maud, deeply gratified her faithful attendants.

A month's delay, the hard-wrung indulgence of the King and Council was vouchsafed to the Lady Arabella, in spite of his Majesty's previous declaration that "she should proceed to Durham, if he were King." Her Episcopal guardian, meanwhile, journeyed onward, to prepare for her reception; but Arthur Evans, like his Lady, being opportunely ill, was left at Highgate, where Arabella Stuart remained in confinement. Slowly, however, the Bishop's absence operated a cure upon the sick man; and Arthur again appeared among the household train. Maud Gurton had now time and opportunity to aid her fertile brain, and Evans, only subtracting such moments as he dedicated to the duties of courtship, devoted this interval to an ingenious and uninterrupted interchange of letters for the severed lovers. With his aid and advice, Seymour and Arabella planned that escape, which daring, rash, and hazardous as it was, was yet attended by so many favoring circumstances—among them the grant of another month's delay to the Lady Arabella, who was already apparently preparing to commence the journey to Durham.

"Maud," said Evans, as, two nights before the projected departure of the Princess from Highgate, they walked alone, "if now thy Lady bear a bold heart, her path shall be smooth and easy hereafter. Take to her this letter from Master Seymour, and this package—it is the apparel thou bad'st me purchase; and I have had it cut as nearly to her Ladyship's size, as thy measures and my judgment could order it. Bid her bear a bold heart—a cheerful mind, Maud—pray her to believe that freedom and safety are worth the hazard."

"Doubt her not," answered Maud, with prompt confidence. "There is no risk in the world which my Lady would not brave for this end!"

The event justified her assurance. At three o'clock on the following day, two gentlemen reached an obscure inn on the road to London. One, a slight youth, dressed in the cumbrous fashion of travellers at that day, seemed weak and ill, and was with difficulty persuaded by his more robust companion to take a cup of wine, whilst an attendant led out two strong horses for the road.

"The gentleman will scarce hold out to London," said Mark Barnaby, the idle ostler, who held the stirrup for the youth to mount: "Better not ride to-night, sir."

"Trouble not thy wise head with that matter," said the taller horseman sharply, as he attained his seat. "And for thee, Thomas, I must pray thee ride on. I have waited upon thy illness on the road until it grows late, and I have business that craves despatch."

"How fare you, madam?" he said, when they had ridden out of ear-shot. "If you can only hold out to Blackwall——"

"I am better—far better, Evans," replied the Lady Arabella. "The very thought of freedom renews health in my veins, and methinks I am far stronger than when we came out. But lose no time, Evans, for my frame is full of nervous terrors."

"It is but two hours' ride, madam," answered Evans, pushing on however as he spoke; "and Maud promises to preserve your secret longer."

"Yet, hasten, Evans, I pray you! Better I had never escaped than be retaken."

"This shall not be, noble lady," returned her guide. "Never surely had love so holy as your Ladyship's an end so unprosperous. Let us hope for better things! And touching speed—this rapid trot suffices. We must not seem to be flying—that might arouse suspicion."

They rode on, after this, for sometime in silence; but Arthur observed that the color had risen in the Lady's cheek, and that she bore well an exercise of late so unwonted.

"Your Ladyship endures this journey beyond my hopes," he said in an encouraging tone. "Let us but reach Lee, according to the arrangement of Master Seymour, and, God and the wind favoring, we will place you beyond the reach of your enemies."

"Oh Arthur Evans," said the Princess, "if this enterprise be indeed successful—if again I be in safety, and folded to the heart of my husband, then indeed all that a poor knight, and poorer lady can offer thee, will be too little to mark their gratitude!"

"Do not speak thus, honored Lady," answered Evans; "it gladdens my heart to act in your service, and, for the enterprise, it is more than half-achieved already."

For another hour they proceeded—the lady full of the most restless anxiety, and the heart of Evans throbbing with the most intense suspense—though he endeavored to conceal it. At six they reached Blackwall. A boat with servants awaited them, and Evans assisted the Lady to dismount, and supported her into the wherry.

"This youth is ill, my lads," he said to the boatmen. "I am impatient to get him home. Push out, and row down the river, to Gravesend."

The watermen obeyed in silence, and all conversation regarding their own situation being suspended by their presence, Evans endeavored to divert her attention to the objects on the bank. The unfortunate Lady, however, soon found herself unequal to the task he would have imposed on her, and lapsing into silence, she resigned herself to her own anxieties. As they approached Gravesend, Evans turned to the rowers.

"Lads," he said, "do you think you could stretch on to Tilbury? My mind is that my brother here is too ill to journey again by land, and I must get him to my father's, hard by Lee, with as little fatigue as possible. What say you? Double labor, double fare."

"Done!" said the foremost rower. "Pull on, Jemmy Dyson for a double fare."

When they arrived at Tilbury, Evans again attempted to urge the watermen on to Lee.

"Master," said the spokesman, "not for a gold noble! I have not broken bread since morning, and I must get a horn of ale, and my supper before I make another stroke. Isn't it so, Jemmy Dyson?—we goes no further!"

"Not a boat-length," answered Jemmy Dyson; and they pulled in shore.

"But, Jemmy, since that is your name," said Arthur, "my brother has been sorely distempered for months, and even now he risks much in journeying to see our father, an old man, and bed-ridden, near to Lee."

"If he's bed-ridden, master, more's the pity, say I," replied Jemmy; "but that seems to me to be a reason why master there needn't be so hard pressed to reach him in a hurry, because, if he's bed-ridden, master, you know he can't rise to nurse his sick son?"

"True, by all tides, Jemmy Dyson!" cried his fellow, laughing aloud.

"Nevertheless, master, pursued Jemmy," his heart mollified even by this slight applause of his jest, "only wait this night at Tilbury here, and when day breaks——"

"That will scarce answer my turn, Master Dyson," replied Evans. "But, see—here are two gold nobles instead of one—will you not pull us to Lee at once for the two?"

Jemmy demurred.

"Lord! Jemmy," cried his partner, answering a glance of inquiry which the doubting Dyson directed towards him; "we don't often pull for fares like this. Let me but run up to Bess's house, and bring down a jug and a ration, and then—if the gentleman says so—on to Lee."

He sprang on shore as he spoke, and disappeared. Moments of suspense, that endured like centuries followed—the more agonizing, that even the expression of impatience was impossible. The Lady and Evans exchanged glances, and whilst they waited the return of the boatman, neither spoke.

At last he appeared running, reached the waterside, and handed a jug and a small wallet to Jemmy Dyson. Leaping in after them, he caught the oar, and, assisted by his fellow, pushed out once more into the stream.

Another hard pull, and they landed at Lee. Evans paid the watermen the stipulated reward, and saw them push off from shore, and strike into the river with the purpose of putting back to Tilbury. It was with a feeling almost of exultation that he pointed out to his

companion the vessel, hired by Seymour, lying in sight, and at anchor. He drew her attention to a little signal floating from the mast.

"Your Ladyship's danger is nearly over now," he said. "In yonder craft, as I well hope, Master Seymour awaits us."

The Lady clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven. Some inaudible words trembled on her white lips. Evans turned away, and made a signal to another wherry, which was passing, without occupants other than its watermen. Entering this boat, they were rowed to the vessel. But here, as everywhere else, Fate was in close attendance upon the Lady Arabella. They were received on board with great respect—but Seymour was not there.

The blood forsook the cheek of the unfortunate wife; but Evans still spoke with hope, and prophesied the speedy arrival of Seymour.

"If he be retaken, Evans, as well might I have proceeded to Durham; for without his presence, liberty is an evil greater than my late restraint. A prisoner in England, I might still have heard of his welfare—Abroad!—"

"Yet despair not, madam," began Evans.

But at this instant his attention was aroused to the noise of the seamen, as they trod the deck, shouting and talking—some busy with the anchor—some with the ropes.

"Now, God forbid that they should put to sea without him!" cried the Lady Arabella, reading aright the consternation which glassed itself in Arthur's countenance—"Hasten, hasten, Evans! Bid them lie at anchor till he arrives!"

Evans left her side, but returned not. The preparations continued. Arabella Stuart then herself left the cabin, to which upon her first arrival on board she had been conducted. She hastened to the captain as rapidly as the motion of the vessel would allow her. Evans stood with the commander. His eager gestures marked the energy of his expostulations; but they were vain. The craft was already under way. Prayers and tears, poured forth from the torn heart of the Lady, were alike fruitless. The captain spoke to her with the reverence due to her station and misfortunes, but judged in this urgent and unhappy case for her as well as for himself. The vessel's course was already shaped for France; and the Lady Arabella was carried to the cabin in a state of insensibility.

In a few months after this unprosperous enterprise, Maud Gurton, still unsuspected to have been the agent of her Lady's escape, was again her attendant in strict and hopeless confinement, and long, long days of misery were the portion of damsel as well as Lady—for Evans had never been seen, since when "overtaken by a pink in the king's service" in Calais Roads, and aware that his presence would in nothing avail the Lady, he had boldly leaped overboard, and after swimming to a distance from their vessel, had been picked up by a fishing-boat, and landed upon the French coast. Maud was indeed a very wretched woman, for she had other distresses, over and above her painful incertitude as to the fate of her lover. She now often perceived in the manner and words of her mistress a wildness and incoherence, to which even affection could give but one name. Hope seemed to have taken leave of Maud

Gurton. As little was known to her of Master Seymour as of Evans, and could she even have discovered his retreat abroad—for, more fortunate than his Lady, he had effected his escape—she felt that the Princess was in no state to receive consolation even from intelligence concerning him. Musing upon all this accumulation of sorrow, one night, when sleep had, as she hoped, lent for a time its Lethe to the harassed heart of the Lady, she sat at the window of her own small chamber, alone and in darkness. Tears stole silently down the maiden's cheek, and she wept the more, because there was no one to brush them kindly away.

Was there indeed no one to brush away thy tears, Maud Gurton? Ah! how often, when the shadows of misfortune are gathered around us most gloomily in this world, doth Heaven suddenly set a light in their midst, to give our hearts that illumination and comfort which only from God, the powerful and beneficent, could they derive. How often when despair veileth her eyes from hope, and saith, "It is impossible!" is the miracle achieved, and the wearied spirit permitted to bask securely in sunshine. So was it with thee, faithful Maud Gurton. A sound of light footsteps beneath the window caught thy ear. It was followed by a voice which softly pronounced thy name. Was it imagination? Was it a spirit from the land of shadows that so aroused the beating of thy heart? Ah! joyful Maud Gurton—this time fortune had relented, and it was Arthur Evans himself who greeted thee.

"Arthur! Arthur!" was all that Maud could say.

"It is indeed I," whispered Arthur. "No noise, or thy life, Maud! Come forth silently. I have tidings for the Lady Arabella."

Maud, with a step as silent as that of a cat, let herself out of the house—for she was lodged apart from her Lady, and was allowed the means of egress at will. Glad was the meeting of the lovers, and the agitation of Maud almost threatened discovery.

"Command thyself, dearest Maud," said Arthur; "I am here, remember, at mine own peril, for my share in the adventure, you wot of, is known. And I have much to tell thee, and but little time. I must be far away ere dawn; so dry thy tears, dearest, and listen to me. And first tell me of thy Lady? Be brief, Maud, for I have but one poor hour to spend with thee. One more kiss—and now of thy Lady."

"Ill, Arthur—pining to death, and her reason utterly gone," said Maud sorrowfully.

"Cold news for Master Seymour!" said Evans; "but God's will be done!"

"Master Seymour? What of him? Know you aught of him? Ah! tell me—tell me—that I may cheer my poor lady, if failing reason may indeed find cheer."

"He is in Flanders, Maud, safe and well, but as thou mayest well judge, most anxious. When he arrived at Lee and found not our vessel, he hired a craft from Newcastle, and escaped. And now, could thy Lady again attempt escape?"

"Name it not, Arthur—it is impossible! Her mind wanders, and her health could not endure it. Never in this world can she again achieve escape. Tell Master Seymour of her case, and add that while reason remained, my Lady loved him fervently."

"I will," answered Evans; "but it is melancholy news to bear abroad. And now, Maud, when I have

done this errand to Master Seymour, I will return to thee in secret. And thou, Maud Gurton, wilt then no longer refuse to share the fate of Arthur Evans—we will together go abroad, and thou wilt not languish even in a foreign land, whilst all thy wishes can find a home in a loving heart."

"Not while my Lady lives in a dying case, Arthur, will I ever forsake her," said Maud, kindly but firmly; "but whenever these melancholy affairs change, as change they must, be it for the better, or the worse—then will Maud Gurton blend her lot with thine, and thank God, with reason, that he hath not made her a Princess."

Some further conversation regarding their own interests, doubled the hour to which Evans had limited his visit. The chime of the hour separated the lovers in haste and dismay, and Maud regained her chamber undiscovered. Evans bore back to Seymour the melancholy forebodings of Maud—and they were destined to be realized. Her Lady died in a state of miserable derangement, far from a heart which loved her to the last. Whatever might have been the pangs of that heart, they were at least borne in silence, and William Seymour again became a resident of England. Distinction, wealth, and fame, flowed in upon him. He was again married, and he seemed to be happy; but there were some who noted a change in his bearing. To the heart of Maud, who, even as the wife of Arthur Evans, continued faithful to the melancholy due her Lady's memory, it sufficed that to herself alone did the princely knight ever advert to his first unfortunate attachment; and the undiminished fervor of his devotion to that most gentle and beloved remembrance, was manifested in the name he gave his child—the name of his earliest love—"Arabella Stuart." T. H. E.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

The Lady and her Lover sat together. He wished to speak but could not; for his thoughts were flame, but his words were ice. He prayed to Cupid for aid, when lo! at the open door a Humming Bird flew in. He caught it, and laid it on the Lady's bosom, that it might choose between that paradise and its native fields of air.

Was it Cupid himself or but his messenger that thus appeared to the Lover's prayer? It is not for mortal eyes to discern these mysteries. It is only known that he who before was mute now sung as follows:

Beautiful bird! thou smallest thing
That parteth air with feather'd wing!
Why cam'st thou in this spacious hall,
To this rude hand so soon to fall
An easy prey?

'Tis thine to sport in shady bower,
Buzzing around some open flower,
Or basking, where the rose expands,
Secure at least from mortal hands,
In sunny ray.

Perhaps some hawk in evil mood,
Hath marr'd thy gorgeous solitude,
And, trembling with instinctive fear,
Thy ready wing hath brought thee here,
To 'scape from death.

And dost thou think to force thy way,
Where passeth yon translucent ray?
If so, thou art mistaken quite,
That crystal's perview but to light—
So spare thy breath.

Innocent bird! so mild, so meek,
So beautiful, so frail, so weak—
Unfit for either good or evil,
And only born to sport and revel
In Flora's bowers:

Thy golden neck, thy lustrous crest,
The mingled hues upon thy breast,
Thy shifting tints, thy gambols wild,
Proclaim thee nature's frolic child,
Berobed in flowers.

Innocent bird! it ill became
This hand of mine to grasp thy frame;
And yet I would not wound a feather,
For when I press thy wings together,
'Tis not for harm.

Ah no! thy little throbbing heart,
As tho' 'twere armed with Cupid's dart,
Hath roused my bosom's sympathy,
And now I gladly set thee free,
The world to charm.

Yet stay: thy little heart must beat,
Where beats another heart more sweet,
More delicate, much more refined,
And subject to a nobler mind
Than rules o'er ours.

A heart that throbs within a breast,
Which nature in her pride hath blest,
Whose silent swell alone can move
The coldest heart to feel and love,
And own its powers.

There touch some sympathetic chord,
Or whisper there some happy word,
Which may that gentle form inspire
With purest love's congenial fire,
Then fly away.

Ah! now indeed thy laughing eyes
Proclaim thee Cupid in disguise;
Then rest but 'till thy work is done,
And when 'tis finished as begun,
No longer stay.

King and Queen, 1837.

AUTHORITIES ON ANTIQUITIES.

The best authorities on Antiquities are probably Josephus, Marsham, D. Iken, Vossius, Lælius Gyrardus, for Judæan—Hermannus Wilsius, for Egyptian—Barnabas Brisson and Thomas Hyde, for Chaldean, Babylonian, Persian and Median—Meursius Brunings and John Potter, for Greek—Nieupourt and Cantel, for Latin—Gronovius, Grævius, Monfaucon, Caylus, and Winckelmann.

THE DESERTER:

A Romance of the American Revolution, founded on a well authenticated incident.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Liv'd my sires from age to age.

Montgomery.

CHAPTER IV.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.

Campbell.

Of the whole Legion, the alert and sagacious Lee appeared the slowest either to realize the startling fact of his favorite's desertion, or to acknowledge the importance of the circumstance. He had retired to rest about half an hour, when the officer of the day entered his quarter, and without reserve sought his bed-side.

"Major," he cried, in an agitated voice, and shaking his superior by the shoulder, in order to awaken him—"Awake! arise!—Treason is afoot! Our patrolle has fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spur to his horse, and, though instantly pursued, escaped!"

The reply to this hurried communication was nothing more or less than an emphatic *yawn*.

The officer repeated his intelligence, and added—"Arise, Major, for Heaven's sake! and give orders for pursuit."

Lee turned drowsily over, and rubbing his eyes, exclaimed—

"Ah, Carnes! is that you? What is the matter? What brings you here?—the enemy? eh?"

"Worse than an enemy," replied the other with bitterness. "Treachery, Major, treachery!—I fear the example of the accursed Arnold has had its effect upon the Legion. Do get up and give orders for pursuit."

"Pursuit?" repeated Lee deliberately—"of what? of whom?"

"In the name of Heaven, Major," cried the vexed Carnes, "what ails you? Do you think nothing of treachery and desertion?"

"Treachery? desertion?" repeated Lee again. "What are you talking of? Your communication is so confused, that I cannot understand you. Excuse me," he added quickly, perceiving that his companion appeared very angry; "but really, Captain, I am so fatigued with my ride to and from head-quarters to-day, that I could not suddenly shake off sleep. Have the goodness to repeat your information. I am now fully awake."

Captain Carnes complied, though with somewhat of an ill-grace. "Who could it have been?" asked Lee, again yawning. "Some countryman,

probably? These fellows ride hither and yon without leave or license, and, as it would seem, without aim or object."

"My dear Major," said Carnes earnestly, "do you really think I would come here at this time of night with an idle tale? The man I speak of is no countryman, but a dragoon. Of that the patrolle are certain: they think he may be from the army above: but their serious impression is, that he is of the *Legion*! Let that arouse you; for I must take the liberty of observing that you seem strangely apathetic on such a subject for Major Lee."

"And I must add, Captain," returned the other, "that you appear as strangely bent upon magnifying the matter. Remember, sir, we have had but one desertion during the war. It is impossible that the fellow belongs to the Legion."

Carnes shook his head. "The infamous desertion of Arnold," he said, (for as before stated, this then recent circumstance had made so vivid an impression on the minds of the whole army, that it was scarcely absent from the thoughts of officer or soldier,) "has had its effect, and —"

Lee interrupted him.

"The desertion of Arnold," he repeated, "has consolidated the Legion—I tell you, Carnes, there is but one kind of feeling toward him in the corps;—deep detestation of his crime—implacable hatred of himself."

"Captain Carnes," cried a subaltern, hastily opening the door of the apartment, cap in hand, "the cavalry are assembled, waiting your further orders."

"Very well, sir—let the rolls be called, and report to me immediately if any man is absent."

"You have ordered out the dragoons then?" said Lee.

"I have, sir, in pursuance of our established usage," returned the Captain with emphasis, and hastily moving toward the door.

"True—but where are you going?"

"To my duty, unless Major Lee has orders for me."

"None—nay, stay a minute," said Lee, who was by this time dressed. Pressing his hand upon his brow, the commander of the Legion walked several times across the room in apparent perturbation of mind: but, perceiving the great impatience of the Captain, he said slowly—"No matter, Carnes, you can go. Upon the whole it will be well to ascertain whether any dragoon is missing from the Legion, and if so, who he is, before I issue any orders."

Lee had been but a short time alone when the indefatigable Carnes returned. It had not been found necessary to call the rolls: he whose office it was to perform that duty was himself missing; and, upon examination, it was discovered that he had taken his baggage, arms and orderly book,

and that his horse had been withdrawn from the picket!

At this intelligence, Lee appeared deeply affected; but, to the infinite surprise of Carnes, he directly returned to his former apathy. He spoke of the sergeant-major's well known, excellent character; and appeared to think, despite the fact of his having taken his valise, cloak, &c. with him, that his excursion was merely one of personal pleasure: "An example," he added sternly, "too often set by the officers themselves, destructive as it is to discipline, opposed as it is to orders, and disastrous as you now perceive it is likely to prove to the corps."

"The officers, sir," replied the spirited Captain, feeling the reproof, "I acknowledge, have, in certain instances, rendered themselves liable to the charge. But it may not be unworthy of remembrance, that their *men* have not dared to imitate the practice."

"Captain Carnes," said the same subaltern who had announced the assembling of the dragoons, again entering the room, "the party you ordered to prepare for pursuit are in the saddle!"

"Give them my thanks, sir, for their soldier-like alacrity. Major—your written orders if you please."

"Directly. To whom have you given command of the party intended for pursuit?"

"To Lieutenant Carrington, sir. Does it meet your approbation?"

"Not exactly. I have in view a particular service which must probably be performed early in the morning. If so, Carrington's aid will be indispensable. Cannot the officer be changed?"

"He must be if you wish it, Major," replied the impatient Carnes; "but it will occasion delay. Will you name an officer yourself?"

"Where is Cornet Middleton?"

"Perhaps, sir, you had better name another. That boy, though brave as a lion, was particularly friendly to the sergeant-major; besides which, he appears more horror-stricken at this desertion than any man in the camp, and his tenderness of disposition may induce him to favor the scoundrel. Not that it could make him swerve from his duty—but—in short, I would respectfully suggest that an older and a more thorough going officer be entrusted with this command."

Lee hesitated. "No," said he, at length. "Let Middleton be summoned."

So great was the assiduity of the wondering but determined Carnes, that within ten minutes Middleton was in the room.

"Now, Captain," said Lee, seeming for the first time to enter fully into the business before him, "you will please inform me of the precise time and place at which the patrol encountered Champe, the direction he took, and of every other circumstance connected with the subject, with which you

are acquainted. If John Champe *has* deserted, it will require some precaution to insure his capture."

Carnes hastily recounted all that had been reported to him, and Lee then seated himself at a portable desk, and wrote that stern order of which we have given a literal copy at the conclusion of the preceding chapter. But as though again determined to exhibit conduct as much at variance as possible with his established character, the commander of the Legion detained the Cornet for some time after he had his orders, advising him not to push so eager a pursuit as to risk a chance of falling into the hands of the enemy, and even kept him some minutes, urging him to take care of the horse and accoutrements of the deserter, if recovered. Indeed, so did he appear to trifle with time in this important juncture, that his surprised officers, as they left his quarters, could not forbear comment upon the circumstance.

"What has come over our commander?" asked the Cornet gravely.

"He *says* he is sleepy," answered Carnes in no very gentle mood; "a ride of twenty miles has *fatigued* him."

"A good story," cried Middleton, laughing, "when the men insist upon it that he never sleeps at all. Why, I have seen him at midnight, after being in the saddle the whole day, actually inspecting in person the situation of our horses, when scarcely a trooper in the corps could keep an eye open."

"After which, sitting down and writing to the commander-in-chief, until two or three o'clock; and then the first man up in the morning," added Carnes. "But, *to-night*, he is fatigued with a ride of two hours."

"It is my opinion," returned the Cornet, "that the desertion of a man whom he has heretofore held up to the corps as a model of complete soldiery, has deeply affected him. He really does not appear to be the same man he was three hours since. Indeed I can scarcely reconcile the fact to my own mind that Champe has deserted. He is the last man in the Legion I could have suspected. So grave, so thoughtful, so attached to his companions, and teaching them by his example to endure hardships and privations without a murmur. Depend upon it, Captain, there is a deep mystery in this business. Would to God I could have seen the poor fellow but for a minute ere this dreadful event occurred, or that I could even have drawn from him the cause of his habitual melancholy, and have ministered a word of comfort to his afflicted spirit."

"D—n his melancholy," muttered Carnes, becoming more enraged, the more he reflected upon the mortifying subject; "it has been villainously *assumed*; and we, whom it has interested so much, are all his dupes. By Heaven, I should not be

surprised if we discover that the demure hypocrite has been under British pay for months!"

"It cannot be," replied the Cornet emphatically.

"Cannot?" repeated Carnes, in tones of bitter sarcasm. "Can it be, think you, that Arnold is a traitor! Or are we to follow Lee's strange example, and shut out the evidence of our senses?"

The dialogue was here interrupted by Middleton's putting himself at the head of his command.

Neither man nor horse was spared by the young Cornet that night. The roads were rendered muddy by the recent shower, but this was no impediment to the speed of the avengers of the Legion's sullied honor. The first shock of feeling had passed over, and now every man of the pursuing party was bent on the destruction of the deserter. The hatred that took possession of them was more deadly than any they had ever borne their open enemies:—it is ever thus with hatred for those we have just ceased to love.

The detachment now swept impetuously around the base of the hill on which the old church is situated, but halted in the sandy highway just below it. The heavy shower had obliterated all previous tracks from the roads, and consequently, those subsequently made were plainly seen. Two were all that were discernible: both of horses,—one leading from, the other toward the camp. So complete was the organization of the Legion, that the horses were all shod precisely alike, the shoes being made by blacksmiths attached to the corps. Besides this, the fore shoes bore a *private mark*. The tracks mentioned were both those of the horses of the Legion:—of course, it was instantly known that one of these must have been made by the steed of Champe, and the other by that of the dragoon from the patrol who had brought in the news of his desertion.

The pursuit was now recommenced with vigor. A detachment under a sergeant, mounted upon the swiftest horses, were from time to time ordered to ride forward at full speed, in order to ascertain whether the track turned from the highway; while the main party, headed by Middleton, being warned by them, as they successively approach each cross-road, that the deserter had adhered to the direct route to Paules Hook, moved forward at an even, but rapid rate.

Passing in this manner through the village of Hackensack, the pursuers halted on an eminence, soon after daylight, and just before arriving at the little neighborhood which takes its name from a tavern then, and until very lately, called "The Three Pigeons." In front of them the road was straight, giving an uninterrupted view of half a mile. At that distance, a hill, smaller than that upon which the party were, and bounded by woods on either side, obstructed a farther view of the road; but, at the foot of this rise, some object was dimly seen, and

pointed out by Middleton. Every eye was strained toward it, and, by observing it steadily, it was discovered that it was leisurely mounting the hill.

"Now, my boys," said the Cornet, "keep a bright look-out when it reaches the summit. We shall then be able to discover distinctly what it is. In the meantime our horses can take breath. If it should turn out to be the traitor, which God send it may, he is ours in despite of his utmost efforts. You remember your orders—'bring him alive, that he may suffer in presence of the army.'"

The first rays of the rising sun now touched the summit of the high hill on which they had halted, and intercepting their sight, seem to sink the road, where it entered the wood, in deeper obscurity than before. But after the first effect of this sudden effulgence, they could still perceive the object of their suspicion. It continued to approach nearer the top of the distant hill, at the same slow pace as when they first descried it. The gaze of the pursuers became painfully intense in their high-wrought anxiety.

It was now within a short distance of the very summit, and every sense of the men selected to wipe out with their sabres the stigma that had been cast upon the Legion, seemed merged into one—that of sight; and each trooper sat his steed in the most rigid silence, as though sound could operate upon that; when, with a sudden velocity, that seemed to belong more to the lightning in its rage than to man, the point on which every eye was fixed was passed by a horseman! The "best soldier in the Legion" as Lee was wont to call his favorite, (and it was no other they had been watching) was already rushing at full speed down the opposite declivity.

Not the least doubt now remained in the minds of the pursuing party—nor could it; for a beam of the sun, fortunately penetrating an opening in the woods, flashed athwart the path of the deserter, at the same instant that his horse bounded forward, revealing the glittering ornaments of the Legion uniform. Thus had the unfortunate Champe practised one of those feats of ingenuity and skill, that marked his best days of patriotism; favoring his jaded horse by deliberately walking him up a hill under the eyes of pursuers, who knew his acuteness from experience; whose express duty was to guard against it, and whose most ardent desire was to destroy him. As was afterwards learned, he had recognized them at the very instant they discovered him; and but for the aid of the solitary sunbeam, would have passed the very point they were watching, leaving them in doubt whether he was the man they sought or not.

Not an order issued from the lips of the surprised Middleton. As by one impulse, the horses of officer and soldier were instantly straining every nerve; and without a shout—without one solitary word—commenced, with the silence of

desperation, the deep powerful struggle for life, on the one hand, and death on the other.

The afternoon of that day was not yet ended, when a loud huzzaing reverberated through the camp of the Virginia Legion. Caps and colors waved, the discharge of carbines and pistols rent the air, and tumultuous cries of "the scoundrel is killed—the deserter is cut to pieces"—resounded on every side.

Middleton was descried returning with his party. In the rear, a dragoon led by the bridle the powerful war-horse of the sergeant-major: but naught occupied the saddle save the military cloak and boots, and the sword-scabbard of the missing. Those were slung across it like relics over the led steed of the dead warrior in the funeral procession, and appeared plainly to indicate the dark fate of the deserter.

"Thus may it ever be," cried the stern Carnes, who stood in front of a group of officers, drawn by the clamor from their quarters, "with the rash fool who deems it an easy matter to bring disgrace upon this Legion." And fifty voices applauded the sentiment in a deafening shout.

Suddenly the noise was hushed: a murmur ran through the camp, and the officers fell back as Lee, himself, walked forward to gaze upon the sight that had caused the tumult. A faint smile irradiated his countenance as he returned the salutations of his officers; but those very officers, whose love for their commander quickened their perception, could not fail to notice that it was forced. Nay, the step that heretofore was ever firm, slightly faltered now; and the cheek that had never before revealed dismay, was blanched to a deathlike paleness.

This unusual appearance of their valued leader wrought an instant change in the feelings of his troops; and as they now looked upon that which had caused their late rejoicing, sorrow took possession of their souls; their minds dwelt upon the *thousand virtues* instead of the *one fault* of the strangely deluded Champe. But how fluctuating are the feelings and passions of man, and how swayed by the most trifling circumstance! *Affection* for an unfortunate comrade, was now uppermost in the bosoms of those hardy warriors who had just banished *exultation* in his downfall. In a few short minutes they would experience *mortification* for having ever loved him or pitied his fate. To this would succeed implacable *hatred* to his memory—uncompromising *detestation* of his very name.

When the advancing party drew near, it was observable that there was no exultation or triumph in *their* looks. In this, it might be they but responded to the feelings of those they met. But when, in answer to the demand of his Major, Middleton reported that the ingenuity of the deserter had

served him to the last—and that he had completely baffled his pursuers—what was the surprise of every listener!

CHAPTER V.

'Twas then in hour of utmost need
He proved his courage, art and speed.
Now slowly stalked with stealthy pace,
Now started forth in rapid race,
Oft doubling back in mazy train,
To blind the trace the dews retain,
Now clombe the rocks projecting high,
To baffle the pursuers eye,
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound
The echo of his footsteps drowned. *Rokeby.*

Immediately after crossing the hill upon which they first descried Champe, Middleton had arrived at an abrupt turn in the road: but from the angle thus formed, diverged a less frequented, but more direct route through a thick wood, to Paules Hook, the main road leaving the shortest course in order to pass through the village of Bergen. The path through the wood rejoined the highway a short distance below Bergen, and before it reached a deep creek, running through a swamp, at the foot of the high ground on which the village is situated.

Upon inspection, it was discovered to the equal surprise and joy of the pursuers, that the fugitive had taken the longest route.

"By the soul of Washington!" cried the gratified Cornet, in high excitement, "he is ours. Thus, my boys, you see that guilt can make the most acute man a fool. Sergeant Watkins, take three men of your own choosing, and away with you through the woods, as if a certain old gentleman you are well acquainted with was at your heels. Take possession of the bridge, and I will drive the rascal into your arms. But mark me, sir—*take him alive*—or I will hold you accountable for his blood. There is no necessity for killing him now."

The parties separated—that of the sergeant rushing with headlong speed down the rough wood path, and that of Middleton moving at a brisk gallop on the trail of the deserter's horse. Watkins soon gained his post, and carefully concealed his party, two on either side of the road. Thus situated, he waited some time;—but no sound broke the stillness of the morning.

Meanwhile the party of Middleton came on in strict order, increasing their speed as they drew nearer the point of junction and perceived not Champe. They rushed through the village like a whirlwind, startling the quiet Dutch inhabitants, about this time taking their early morning meal, and dashed down the hill toward the bridge, the loud blast of their bugle announcing their approach to Watkins.

The watchful sergeant now ordered his men from their cover, and formed a line directly across the bridge. The tramp of Middleton's horses sounded

nearer and nearer. His party came in sight—they closed in with their friends—and, to their utter mortification and chagrin, discovered that Champe had once more completely deceived them.

A brief consultation decided that it was impossible that he could have passed the bridge before Watkins reached it; and that, if it was possible, he must be so near the enemies post at Paules Hook that further pursuit would be useless. The result was that the whole party returned to Bergen; but not with the laggard motion of worn-down and disappointed men; for the ambitious and determined young officer who commanded them had already resolved upon his course. Watkins was ordered to divide the men into four parties, and look for the track of the deserter's horse in *every avenue* leading from the village in *any* direction; while he himself made inquiries of the inhabitants whether the man he sought had been seen by them. He learned that a dragoon had ridden through their village, at full speed, but none could tell in which direction he had left it. They could only inform the Cornet that they believed the fellow had turned every corner he came to, and rode through *each one* of the few streets of the place; and these were so beaten and muddy that no distinct track of man or horse was discernible.

Such information was anything but satisfactory; but, owing to the vigilance of his men, Middleton was not left long to ponder upon it in suspense. The discharge of a pistol, the preconceived signal, suddenly announced that a party who had taken the road leading westward, to Bergen Point, had struck the trail of Champe's horse! The different parties again amalgamated; and when Middleton rode up, he was informed, that from the trail discovered, it was evident the fugitive had once more leisurely walked his horse off, while they had been riding swiftly toward the bridge.

"Whether he walks or runs," cried the Cornet, "he must be our prisoner now—thank Heaven, there is no road leading to or from the point but this. Nevertheless, we may as well make short work of it. Forward."

Once more they dashed their spurs into the flanks of their jaded horses, and once more was the deserter descried. Again it was evident that he was apprised of their contiguity before themselves;—for the trail showed that the walk of his horse had been changed to a gallop on the very spot whence they discovered him.

"He is ours," cried Middleton again—"with steep rocks on one side and the swamp on the other, he cannot escape. Remember your orders, men—there will be no necessity for taking his life. This road leads only to the deep waters of the Kills."*

* Generally known by this appellation. The proper or rather the original Dutch name was *Kill Van Kuhl*, or Van Kuhl's River. It is a strait connecting Newark and New York bays.

"And into them he means to plunge, d—n him," shouted the strong sighted Watkins; "for if he has'nt strapped his valise to his shoulders I'll be—savin' your presence, Cornet Middleton,—but there lays his scabbard, glistening in the sun, in front—yes, and just beyond it, his cloak."

"Forward!" roared Middleton at the top of his voice. "Have you no spurs, you villains? Forward, I say. Are you riding the clumsy nags of Clinton's Hessians, or the high mettled steeds of old Virginia? Forward! I say, forward! Don't be afraid to break your ranks now—the man who goes ahead is the best fellow. Lee wishes to see his sergeant-major—don't let him get drowned among the rocks off the point."

A turn in the road near a small clump of cedars, now hid the form of the fugitive, momentarily, from his pursuers' sight: but obeying the command of their leader, each man did his utmost to excel his companions,—Middleton, his sergeant, and the young Buxton taking the lead of the others. For a minute the three rode side by side, and then Watkins dashed ahead of his rivals, sweeping past the cedars with the swiftness of the wind. In another instant he had passed the horse of Champe, his bridle thrown over a sapling, biting off the grass at its root, with a composure plainly indicating that the noble animal had been favored so as to have performed with ease all that had been required of him. The rider had left the road, and was now running across the marsh in the direction of two British gallies moored in the Kills. His boots had been drawn, and lay in the road.

Although Watkins immediately perceived the situation of affairs, his horse was under such speed that he found it impossible to hold him up. He however exerted his powerful voice in warning his companions to dismount, and in a short time the fugitive found himself closely pursued by the Cornet and Buxton, followed at a short distance by the whole party on foot.

"Yield yourself, villain," cried Middleton, "or I'll drive a bullet through your faithless heart. Yield, and save your life—if it is worth saving. Champe! yield, I say. I have the advantage of you. You have no fire-arms."

The deserter sped onward. He neither looked behind him or replied; and the ball from a pocket-pistol of Middleton's whizzed past his ear. He now exhibited another act of consummate coolness, and actually slackened his speed, in order that he might not exhaust himself so much as to be unable to swim well, when he reached the water; rightly judging that his ardent pursuers had not taken time to draw their pistols from the holsters, upon abandoning their horses. Middleton, however, failed not to improve the advantage this gave him, and was rapidly gaining upon him; when, unfortunately, a low, soft spot in the marsh impeded his progress in his heavy horseman's boots. Instantly perceiv-

ing this, and observing that the crews of the galleys, having been aroused by the discharge of the Cornet's pistol, were watching him, Champe paused an instant upon the shore, and shouted aloud—

"In the name of the King's majesty, help! help!—save a loyal subject from the merciless rebels."

In the next moment, the voice of young Buxton, faint and broken by his extreme exertion, but full of bitter sarcasm, fell upon his ear.

"Come back," he cried, "come back and teach us a 'soldier's honor,' John Champe. Come back, and preach for us again, you hellish hypocrite." And attempting in his indignation and anger, a bound too powerful for his exhausted strength, he fell prostrate and nearly breathless at the feet of the deserter.

Stung to the quick by the bitter taunt, Champe turned upon the fallen youth, his dark visage glowing with an expression as horrible as though all the torture of mind he had been doomed to feel, throughout his inglorious flight, was concentrated in that one look. His naked sabre whirled around his head with a fierce celerity, but in the next instant his self-possession had conquered. The blade flew twenty feet in the air, and the deserter plunged into the blue waves of the Kills.

No time was lost by the rest of the pursuing party, and the swiftest runners had now reached the shore. Sabres, boots, coats, scabbards, instantaneously strewn the earth, and several had dashed into the water as they were, when, by order of the watchful Middleton, a bugle sounded the recall.

Strict as was the discipline of the Legion, and great as was the confidence of the men in their officers, it was not without some mutterings of dissatisfaction that the dragoons prepared to obey this signal. Another moment, however, served to reveal the wisdom of the Cornet's decision; for a sharp sudden sound rent the air, and a ball from a small swivel on board of one of the galleys, tore up the mud of the shore at their feet. Those who had cast off their clothes or accoutrements hastily seizing them, the dragoons sullenly retreated; though not without venting their rage in hallooing to their former comrade, now safely seated in a boat which had been sent to meet him, under cover of the guns of the galleys. Loud and bitter were the revilings that followed the deserter from the shores of that patriotic little state in which he had first disregarded the words of his dying father. The British answered to the taunting shouts of their enemies by a discharge of musketry, doing little injury—but serving to heighten the Virginians' enmity to themselves, and their hatred of the man they protected.

We have now given the substance of the report made by the disappointed Middleton to his superior. Lee listened with deep attention, exhibited some

chagrin, but did not censure the Cornet. On the contrary, he applauded his zeal and acuteness, telling him that had the deserter been any other than Champe, he must certainly have been taken.

For a day or two, the story of Champe's perfidy was in the mouths of the whole Legion. At first, his place in the corps was, from day to day, supplied by temporary appointments; but at the end of a fortnight, a regular sergeant-major was named by the commander—and the name of Champe—once the pride of the Legion—was scarcely heard among those wronged warriors to whom his virtues had in better days endeared him as a brother.

Meantime, the deserter was in New York, in the midst of plenty—patronized by Sir Henry Clinton—British gold in his pocket,—and—fitting conclusion—cheek by jowl with that prince of traitors, Arnold himself.

It now becomes our duty to follow him into the strong hold of the enemies of his country—to watch his actions—his words—his very looks; and to ascertain whether conscience *can* be stifled by gold, or whether even his consummate self-possession can hide its restless workings from observation.

CHAPTER VI.

I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge.

* * * * *

Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell! Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake? How stand I then?

Hamlet.

As soon as the captain of the galley ascertained the views of Champe, he sent him with a letter, stating the circumstances of his desertion, which he had witnessed, to the commandant of New York. After questioning him closely, the latter officer transferred him under the care of an orderly sergeant to the adjutant general. Here he was again interrogated, and much satisfaction was exhibited, when it was discovered that he had belonged to a corps so celebrated for their fidelity as the Virginia Legion. According to the usage of the British, his name, the place of his birth, his size, form, countenance, and other particulars respecting him, were carefully noted and preserved. He was then sent in charge of one of the staff, with a letter from the adjutant to the commander-in-chief of the British forces in America.

In the afternoon of that day, Champe stood in a splendidly furnished apartment in Queen street. His countenance was downcast, though, once or twice, those who were seated in front of him imagined that, from beneath his bent brow, his eyes glanced searchingly around on every side. Pos-

sibly they were mistaken, but if not, they imagined there might be nothing strange in his exhibiting uneasiness in the situation in which he was placed. It appeared that, since his unaccountable desertion, his very soul was changed; that he had utterly sacrificed his Virginia pride and independent spirit at the shrine of royalty and high-handed power: his manner toward the King's lieutenant was servile in the extreme—as much so as that of the most abject minion in the royal ranks could have been. Such a deference it was as he had never shown to the officers of Congress, and he had been in the presence of those of the highest rank among the latter. Formerly his intercourse with those above him in military rank had been uniformly marked with manly respect; but there had been no degrading servility in it until now.

"You said the opinion was gaining ground that General Arnold had taken the wisest course," said Sir Henry Clinton, after some remarks in an undertone to two of his aids who sat near him. "What causes you to think so?"

"Your excellency is well acquainted with the fact," returned the Virginian, "that Lee's Legion has been throughout the war one of the most faithful corps in the American service."

"I am; and that which most surprised me in regard to your own defection, was the circumstance of your having come to us from that corps."

"Well, your excellency, I know that very corps is now full of discontent. The men are unpaid, and half the time unfed. Besides that, General Arnold's letter has convinced them that it is their real interest to discontinue their resistance. They think his arguments very plain."

"They think rightly," returned Clinton, with a grim expression of satisfaction. "But your account does not agree with information I have heretofore received of the Virginia Legion. I have been told that Lee is an excellent provider, and exceedingly careful of the interests of his men—nay, that he has even supplied, from his private resources, the means of paying them, when Congress has been deficient."

"I believe that is true, your excellency," returned the self-possessed Champe, "but I know—and every man in the Legion knows—that he has not done so lately. It is reported in the corps, that he has found out that Congress is not likely to be able to repay him; and since that, we have had to do without pay altogether. What he calls his patriotism has cooled down, though he preaches about it as much as ever."

The stern features of the British Chief relaxed into a smile, and the two aids indulged in a hearty laugh.

"I don't mean to say, your excellency," rejoined the deserter quickly, "that the Americans are any worse than other troops in regard to fighting without pay; for I believe they will do it as long,

without complaining, as any other people: but when it comes to seeing their wives and children starving before their eyes, it is too bad."

"Certainly, my good fellow, certainly—I understand you perfectly. But you have spoken only of the men. Pray, tell me your opinion in regard to the officers. Will any of them follow Brigadier Arnold's example?"

The deserter appeared to be immersed in deep reflection. At length he said, "I think they will, your excellency."

"By what do you judge?"

"Why, your excellency, after General Arnold first left us, we did not dare to express our opinions before the officers; but latterly, we have talked freely, and they do not reprimand us. In fact, they often smile when they overhear us, and then assemble together, and have long consultations among themselves. This makes me think—"

"Go on sir, go on," said Clinton impatiently, when he observed the hesitation of the American.

"Speak your mind freely, and fear nothing."

"It makes me think, your excellency," resumed the deserter, "that some scheme for coming over to the King, with all the troops, is on foot."

"Aha!" eagerly exclaimed Clinton, turning to his companions, who were regarding Champe with the closest attention. "Do you hear that, gentlemen? Does not the plot work well? You are a shrewd fellow, sergeant. You have shown it no less in coming to us beforehand, than in foreseeing that a revulsion will take place. What inducements do you think most likely to bring this spirit of defection to an issue?"

Again the deserter hesitated. "Of course, your excellency is aware," said he, cautiously looking around, as though fearing he might be overheard by some person who ought not to be intrusted with an important secret, "that I am not the best judge of that; but my poor opinion is, in regard to the Legion in particular, that if the men were offered a month's pay in advance, and some clothing, such as shirts, stockings, and boots—so that the men might have them all in plain sight—that is, if it could be done, your excellency, by a flag or in any other way—their necessities would compel them to accept them. Promises would not do so well—first, because they have had too many of them from Congress; and second, because it is *immediate relief* they require. Then if the officers could be offered handsome pay—partly in advance—and that shown them in gold—for they are entirely disgusted with paper—I think they would come over at once."

"You perceive, gentlemen," said Clinton, again turning to his aids, "that my opinion of the rebels was well founded. Tell me not of the virtues of men reared from the cradle to the art of making money. Money is their idol—they love it more than they fear gunpowder—and they shall have it."

One of the aids narrowly remarked the countenance of the deserter while his superior uttered this sarcasm upon his country; but whether the American had become dead to all sense of national pride and spirit, or whatever was the cause, he, at all events, did not betray the least feeling. On the contrary, his naturally bright eye seemed fixed in a stare of vacant admiration on some of the rich furniture near which he stood.

"A chance is now offered," resumed Clinton, with apparent carelessness, rising and walking to a window that gave a view of the glancing waters of the Hudson—"for some officer to serve his King effectually. If that Legion could he brought over *en masse*—." He interrupted himself, as though his attention had been attracted by some object without.

The aids looked at each other. One smiled significantly, while the other darkly frowned—but both remained silent. If they had chanced to glance at Champe at that moment, they would have caught his eye bent searchingly upon them. As the disappointed Chief turned from the window, the expression of the deserter's countenance instantly resumed the stare of stupid wonder, at the splendor around him, which we have before noticed.

"You appear dull, gentlemen," said Clinton, endeavoring to conceal the irritation which his flashing eye revealed, despite the effort. "Do your minds suggest no questions to put to this man?"

"What is the current opinion in the rebel army as to the probable fate of *Andre*?" abruptly asked the officer who had appeared most indignant at the indirect offer just made by his superior.

The face of Clinton flushed with deep anger; but as he turned towards Champe, with the ostensible object of listening to the answer he might make to the question, but in reality to conceal his resentment, and the querist himself also continued to regard the American closely, their eyes did not meet.

"The whole army are opposed to taking his life," answered Champe, without hesitation.

The countenance of Clinton resumed its complacency. "They cannot make him out a spy," said he, "let them do what they will."

"Ay—you mean the men," quickly rejoined the aid, addressing Champe. "What say the officers? What says Washington? What says that peaceable man, the Quaker, Greene? Have you heard *his* opinion? Or have you heard that of the foreign officers in the rebel service?"

"There are various opinions among the general officers," answered Champe, exhibiting a slight expression of impatience; for the royal officers had been questioning him more than an hour. "But I believe, your honor, it will make little difference what *they* think; it is said the affair will be referred to Congress."

As this appeared to preclude farther elucidation of the subject, Clinton was about closing the interview with his new adherent, when the aid who had not before spoken, suddenly asked—

"Do you know whether Washington suspects any officers of note of participating in the trea—the conspir—that is, in the defection of Arnold?"

"Ah, true," exclaimed Sir Henry, eagerly,—"answer that question."

"It is said that the commander-in chief is very much agitated," returned Champe; "inasmuch that he is almost afraid to trust any of the officers around him."

"Aha!" cried the delighted Briton. "One more question, my good fellow, and we have done. Is there not a certain officer of high rank whom Washington particularly suspects?"

The British General and his aids all appeared to listen breathlessly for the answer to this question. On the other hand, Champe did not, in reality, regard their every word, expression of countenance, or motion, with an observation less searching and close than that which they bestowed upon him. There was this difference however in their appearance—the royal officers did not conceal their anxiety, while the imperturbable Virginian seemed perfectly indifferent. He even played carelessly with the ornaments of the dragoon cap he held in his hand, though he looked steadily at the countenance of the royal commander-in-chief, as he answered slowly—

"There is one officer, your excellency, who is strongly suspected."

"His name?" demanded the scheming Clinton, advancing a step, in his eagerness.

"He is a major-general," returned Champe, somewhat evasively, and cautiously looking around the apartment, as though he did not feel secure, even in the British head-quarters, in stigmatizing with so foul a crime, an officer who had performed signal service in defence of his country.

"Enough," muttered Clinton, with grim exultation—"I understand you."

The aids appeared to be greatly struck with the intelligence, and to comprehend perfectly to whom the American alluded.

"Colonel," resumed Clinton, addressing one of them with an air of reassured and haughty superiority—"you will please write to General Arnold informing him of this affair." Turning to Champe, with a condescending smile, he said—"upon Brigadier Arnold, my good fellow, you will wait with this letter, when finished; and I recommend you join without delay the 'American Legion,' which he is now raising for the service of his majesty. Meanwhile, here is an earnest of the reward which I shall take care that you receive for your commendable loyalty."

Then uttering a sigh, which if *involuntary*, was creditable to his feelings, he added—"I sincerely

wish that all those who are now uselessly contending against their king, would follow your worthy example, and avoid the waste of life that their foolhardiness is daily causing."

The period of the Virginian's deepest disgrace had now arrived. He advanced toward the royal commander, and when the pieces of British gold rattled together, as they fell into his open hand, his brow slightly contracted, and his cheek, momentarily took a lighter shade.

There was no other sign of shame or compunction about him. His eye was steady, and his outstretched arm trembled not.

CHAPTER VII.

I am glad thy father's dead ;

* * * * * did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Shakspeare.

Could Champe have seen the unhappy Emma Brookville at the period at which we are about to bring her before the reader, his stubborn heart must have yielded, if a single spark of feeling remained in it.

The sun had just sunk behind the mountains among which her life had been so nobly preserved by him whose image had ever since been present to her mind, when the injured girl, pale and emaciated, her young brow clouded with deep sorrow, issued from her father's house, and bent her trembling steps toward the lowly residence of the Champes. She had just escaped from the importunities of the merciless and craven-spirited Birdsall, who, ever since the news of his rival's desertion had reached the villa, had incessantly demanded the immediate fulfilment of her promise that she would be his, if John Champe should ever disgrace himself or the corps to which he belonged.

And how could she have been otherwise than safe in making such a promise? Who, that had known her preserver, would have judged differently of him? Was he not of a noble nature—brave, generous and upright? He was:—and his desertion could only be looked upon as one of those unaccountable events which sometimes occur, as it were, utterly to baffle and set at naught all human calculations.

When the news of his only act of shame had first reached Loudoun county, Emma laughed the report to scorn: but, every subsequent rumor confirming it, she at length had recourse to a method of tracing it to its foundation. She requested one of the maidens of the neighborhood, who had a brother in the Legion, to write to him. This was no other than the sister of the young Buxton; and, as may be supposed, the answer not only added certainty to that which Emma

dreaded, but was, moreover, composed under the influence of that exasperation with which youthful artlessness regards deep hypocrisy when practised upon its ardent feelings. The traitor was denounced in unmeasured terms of reproach and indignation, and the letter concluded with an apology for the appearance of the chirography; the writer stating that he was obliged to use his *left hand*—his right having been wounded by a musket shot from the galley on board of which Champe had escaped.

Finding no consolation from this source, and possessing no friend to whom to confide the subject of her distress, the wretched Miss Brookville sought the only sad comfort left her—that of mingling her tears with those of the unhappy mother of the deserter, and soothing her dying pillow; for that mournful task was now required at her hands. The very evening of which we are writing was to be the poor invalid's last on earth.

Twice, and twice only, did she mention the name of her son after Emma entered the house, ere she closed her eyes forever upon a world in which she had seen little save trouble. Once when she fervently thanked Heaven for preventing, by death, the suffering her husband would have experienced had he lived to learn the disgrace of their child—and again, when the first beams of the rising sun penetrated her narrow apartment.

"Emma," she said faintly, "my child—my more than daughter, come hither. Raise me up, Emma, for the last time, and let me look upon those sunbeams that have just smiled upon my boy. Traitor to his country, reckless of my broken heart as he is—God knows I love him still."

Her request was complied with, and, after gazing a few minutes upon the scene without, her head fell languidly upon the shoulder of her young nurse. Her eyes were closed,—and in this manner she reclined some time, scarcely seeming to breathe. Suddenly, and without assistance, she started to a sitting posture, and looking with an eye of fearful wildness at her alarmed attendant, in a voice raised almost to a shriek of exultation, she cried, "I knew it, Emma Brookville, I knew it! They have belied my boy! He is no deserter! He is innocent! His honor is as high as Heaven!—Thank God, thank God!"

It was the last, and perhaps an unconscious effort of her failing faculties. There was a flush in the cheek that death had already touched with his icy fingers, and an unearthly fire reigned in her eye. She lay, an instant after she ceased to speak, in the arms of the terrified Emma, a breathless corpse!

Had Champe been present then!—we forbear.

But the deserter knew not what was passing there. It might be, he thought not at all of his humble, but honorable home; for his whole mind

was absorbed in a mighty project. He was the favorite of the abandoned Arnold—he was participating in the rewards of ingratitude and treason, while his place at the bed-side of his dying parent was filled only by the pale and heart-broken girl whom, with the rest of the world, he had so artfully deceived, and who, above all others, save her who was now no more, he never should have deceived.

Arnold had strongly pressed the Virginian to join his Legion. He at first refused, alleging that if he should, through the chances of war, fall into the hands of the rebels, he had no better fate to expect than hanging. Arnold replied that he would run no more risk than himself; offered him the same station he had enjoyed in the Virginia Legion; and promised him speedy promotion. He still declined, affirming that he was resolved to give up the profession of arms. He promised, however, that should he alter his mind so far as to resolve to join *any* royal corps, it should be his, provided he adhered to the offer he had made. But Arnold would not part with him thus: the flattering description Champe had given him of the effects of his own treason was soothing to his jaded mind. The presence of the deserter had become, in a measure, necessary to him; and he assigned him quarters, the same as those of his recruiting sergeants, requesting him to call upon him daily. The Virginian complied, and in return—no doubt being now entertained of the sincerity of his regard for the royal cause—he was suffered to go at large wherever he pleased.

At first, Champe seemed so well contented in his new lodgings, that he did not appear to care about leaving them for an instant. After a day or two, however, he occasionally walked out, sauntering leisurely about the city, but never remaining long absent from his snug quarters. Gradually, as the novelty of his situation wore off, he extended his rambles to a greater distance; and, in a short time, he was acquainted with every street, lane, or alley that New York at that day contained.

It was in one of those solitary walks, just as night was closing in, and a faint light might here and there be seen to dart into the windows of the straggling shops of the narrow street in which he was, that Champe, having first curiously peered into the shop of a shoemaker, without being himself observed, stepped in and briefly demanded of its only inmate whether he was the principal of the establishment.

Without hesitation, but with a scrutinizing glance at his visitor, the shoemaker answered in the affirmative; when, without farther words, Champe threw a letter upon the counter and stepped back, in order, as it might seem, to give the other a chance to read it, but, in reality, to watch his countenance while he did so.

The shoemaker was a man of middle age, well to do in the world, very clever, very attentive to his business, somewhat talkative, but seldom saying anything that was not quite common place. Above all, he never was heard to speak a word against a single individual, however bad his character: though, if another chose to do so, he never expressly denied what he might say. In fact, he never expressly denied anything you might tell him. It was impossible to provoke him into an argument, and yet he was one of the most pleasant men to *talk to* in the world. He was so "*perfectly astonished*" if you mentioned any striking event, that it was really quite agreeable to inform him of it; and if your own exploits chanced to be the theme of the story, his exclamations of "*Why! what a man you are!*"—"Well! you do beat every thing!" or, "*Do you tell me so?*" were delivered with such apparent sincerity and surprise that your self-esteem was irresistibly flattered, and, ten chances to one, you told him more of your private thoughts than you had intended. In short, he was extremely cautious, without seeming to know enough to be so; and under his apparent mere pleasantness of manner and peculiarly *demure* look, there lurked a degree of real acuteness, and even design, far beyond anything that could have been suspected from his simple exterior.

When he took up the letter brought by Champe, he requested the bearer to be seated. Then walking to a small desk, and thus turning his back upon his visitor, he placed the letter within an account book, and proceeded to read it.

A customer calling in just as he had finished, he carefully shut the book and put it into his desk, exclaiming—"very good, Mr. Champe, very good—this order is as good as the cash—much obliged to you for your preference, sir." Then, calling his wife to attend the person who had just entered, he continued—"Walk this way, Mr. Champe, walk into the back ware-room, sir. I think I have an article in the shoe line there, that will suit you exactly."

They retired, and after a few minutes spent in close conversation, in the course of which nothing in the "shoe line" was mentioned, Champe took his departure, and returned to his quarters.

The next day—the last but one of September, and the anniversary of that on which, three years before, he parted from his native state an honest patriot—John Champe joined the Legion of Arnold; and to the great apparent satisfaction of the restless traitor, took up his quarters in a decently furnished house adjoining that where the American-British brigadier, himself, resided.

Champe was now allowed free access to the apartments of his newly chosen general; and indeed, so much were they in each other's society, as to occasion a report among the soldiery—

whether well founded or not, the sequel will determine—that there was in agitation between them, some mighty scheme for striking a death-blow at the resistance of America. Arnold was an ambitious, daring, and restless being, and his proselyte had proved himself one of the deepest of cunning deceivers, as well as a man possessed of talents far above his station. Besides this, no doubt could be entertained of the present fidelity of both. Every time they could induce an American to desert, would seem an amelioration of the perfidy of their own conduct, by adding weight to the arguments by which they pretended to excuse themselves. The course of both was plain—from the king they had everything to expect; and while one was an insatiate spendthrift, the other was extremely poor. From their country, neither could look for aught but a halter.

Evening was now the only period left Champe for passing his time as he pleased, as he was more or less engaged throughout the day in picking up recruits for the “King’s American Legion;” and when off duty, generally closetted with Arnold. At the close of the day, the latter also always left home. Sometimes he went to be entertained—and secretly scorned by his entertainers—the British officers—from whom, Clinton’s oft repeated and strongly urged request could not compel more than a nominal respect for the traitor. Indeed, Arnold himself could not fail, under the civilities, to detect, with the quick perception of a guilty conscience, a disgust and detestation, which, in truth, was in many instances very illy concealed. Clinton’s personal friends or loose adherents alone, really endeavored to forget the character of the man with whom they associated, and whom they sought to force into the best society afforded by the city. This, however, resulted as is usual with that undeserved respect for an individual which is dictated by a faction or party, in opposition to the better sense of a community—in rendering his demerits more conspicuous.

As we have said, the traitor was sagacious enough, and still possessed a sufficient sense of shame to perceive this. To drown reflection, he not unfrequently declined the invitations of those whose very attempts to conceal their detestation of him served but to irritate him almost to frenzy; and sought, in the lowest haunts of profligacy and vice, a soul-degrading, yet temporary and unavailing oblivion.

Whether engaged in the former or the latter manner, at all events Arnold never spent an evening at home; and, what was a little singular, whether he came from the more or less respectable of those scenes of amusement, the period of his return never varied many minutes from a certain hour—that of midnight.

In the meantime, Champe closely imitated the habits of his general. He, too, went out every

night, and returned at an hour not much earlier than that observed by Arnold.

As the reader may perhaps be curious to know in what manner *he* spent his leisure time, we proceed to introduce a scene or two in elucidation of that circumstance.

TO A WINTER FLOWER.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I

When Winter comes with icy mien,
To silver o’er this little brook,
Upon its banks thy form is seen,
By all forsook.

II

No shrub then lingers on the plain,
To feed the warm and watchful gaze;
Nor blade of grass the fields retain,
Nor sprig of maize.

III

Far as the searching eye may bend,
O’er gentle slope and bedded vale,
The barren sands and hills extend,
Thou tell’st their tale.

IV

Thou, of the autumn train, the last,
A mournful truth thy fate conveys,
Thou lingering relic of the past,
And brighter days.

V

No other flow’rs, that late could vie
In sweeter grace and scent with thee,
May now be seen, beneath the sky
In rivalry.

VI

Struck in the sullen clod too deep,
Thy roots the wintry winds defy,
And while thy thousand brethren sleep,
Thou lift’st thine eye.

VII

What secret spring of life is thine,
And what art thou, pale flow’r, to gain
Such partial favor, as to shine
Last of thy train?

VIII

Untouch’d, when all around are dead,
Unshrinking, though the blasts arise,
And lifting still thy fearless head,
In fearful skies.

IX

Such lot, methinks, can ne’er be blest,
To see and feel ourselves alone,—
A late, and watchful, lingering guest,
When all are gone!

November, 1825.

SCENES FROM PAUL DE KOCK.

NO. II.

(ZIZINE.)

THE CEREMONY.

M. Guerreville soon arrived at the dwelling which had been pointed out to him. He inquired of the porter—"Madam Dolbert's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she at home?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And can I go up?"

"There is no doubt, sir, that you can go up with the rest of the world. It is on the second story."

"With the rest of the world!" says M. Guerreville to himself, as he ascended the stair-way; "What can the porter mean by that? But no matter; we will see."

Reaching the second story, M. Guerreville enters a spacious anti-chamber, the door of which is open; a servant is stationed there.

"Madam Dolbert?" says M. Guerreville. The valet opens the door of the saloon, saying, "Be pleased to enter, sir."

M. Guerreville enters a very beautiful saloon, and is surprised to see some thirty people collected there. The ladies are in full dress; the gentlemen, though generally in boots, have a certain party-air about them; different groups are formed—some conversing, some walking about the saloon. As M. Guerreville enters, they simply salute him, and every one resumes conversation.

"What can all this mean?" thinks M. Guerreville, as he looks about him—"something is going on here. Can it be a marriage? They have admitted me probably in the belief that I am here by invitation. I think that I have selected the wrong time to talk about little Zizine, and might as well take my leave for the present."

M. Guerreville was already approaching the door, when he perceived in a corner of the saloon a little girl dressed with elegant simplicity, but who seemed to attract no attention. By her modest and serious air, the paleness of her countenance, whose expression was even more than usually melancholy, M. Guerreville immediately recognized the daughter of Jerome, and directing his steps towards her, he took her hand and said, "You are little Zizine, are you not?"

The child looks at him—a quick blush mantles her face, her eyes sparkle and moisten, while she whispers, "Ah, sir! you are the kind gentleman who gave me money for my papa, when he was ill."

"You remember me, my dear child."

"Oh, yes sir, I remember you well; and now I even know your name: for my father has told me that he had met you, and that you gave him permission to come and see you."

"It is for you that I have now come here my little one."

"For me!"

"Yes, I saw your father yesterday, and he desired me to see Madam Dolbert—but I fear that I have not chosen the right time. What is going on here, my child?"

"Oh, sir, my kind friend Stephanie is to be married—the ceremony is about to take place, and it is for this that the company is assembled. Stephanie is still with her mother—they are just now completing her toilet."

"I will go then before the ladies make their appearance, for indeed I should hardly know what to say to them."

"Oh, stay a moment to see my dear Stephanie; she looks so beautiful in her bridal dress!"

"I don't doubt it, my child, but I ought to go, for my presence here, in the house of ladies who have never seen me, would appear very strange. I will return in a few days. Good bye."

M. Guerreville shakes the hand of the little girl, who tries still to detain him; he moves gently along to the door, when a sudden movement runs along the saloon.

"The bridegroom! the bridegroom!" is whispered on all sides; and at the same moment, Edward Delaberge enters the saloon.

M. Guerreville, whose looks were turned towards the door, is one of the first to see him. An instant change is visible in all his features; his eyes become fixed—his limbs can no longer carry him forward—his hands close convulsively, and he mutters in a half-choked voice—"it is he—it is DAUBRAY!"

Edward, however, had not seen M. Guerreville, who is concealed in the crowd, and he advanced with a gracious air into the saloon, smiling to the ladies, shaking hands with the gentlemen, and replying to the congratulations that were showered upon him from all sides.

Almost at the same moment, Stephanie and her grandmother entered by an opposite door, and Edward pressed forward to meet them.

Stephanie, whose dress is arranged in the purest taste, seems more beautiful than ever; an extreme paleness, spread over her features, gives her face an inexpressible charm of expression; she smiles on raising her eyes to Edward, who takes one of her hands and carries it to his lips.

"We are late," says Madam Dolbert, "but I wished that my Stephanie should put on her best looks; a little coquetry is not unpardonable on a marriage day. If you will be directed by me, ladies and gentlemen, we will proceed forthwith."

Every one approves the proposition, and a general movement takes place in the saloon. Edward has presented his hand to Stephanie; he prepares to lead the way, and the company to follow. But a man has planted himself in the door-way; instead of falling in with the company, and giving place to the bridegroom, this man remains fixed, and forbids their passage; then placing his arm before Edward, and fixing on him a glance of lightning, he exclaims in a startling tone—

"Where are you going, sir?"

This inquiry, and the tone in which it was uttered, produced a great sensation in the company. They paused, looking alternately at M. Guerreville and the bridegroom; the latter, who at first only appeared surprised, became pale and trembling as he examines more attentively the features of the individual who thus crossed his path.

Stephanie, agitated, disturbed, looks on him who was about to be her husband, and seems astonished that he has not repelled the man who thus interrupts

their progress. Edward soon recovered his self-possession, and feigning a laugh, exclaimed—

"Here is a joke which I do not comprehend: come, sir, delay us no longer."

"Wretch!" cries M. Guerreville, seizing Edward by the arm; "you pretend not to recollect the voice of a father who comes to demand of you his child! Madam, this man should not be the husband of your daughter. You wish, doubtless, to secure the happiness of Stephanie; he to whom you would wed her is a monster, a base seducer. Under the name of Daubray, he introduced himself into my family—he robbed me of my daughter—my only child—falsely telling her that I had refused him her hand. What have you done with my daughter? Answer—miscreant, answer!"

These words caused great excitement in the company. Stephanie feels a cold shudder pervading her frame—her eyes close, and she falls lifeless into the arms of the ladies who surround her. They carry her to a sofa. Zizine and Madam Dolbert run to her assistance; every one wishes to lend his aid, but at the same time they look at the stranger, whose face and bearing cannot but command respect, and they wait with anxiety the reply of the bridegroom.

After having in vain attempted to disengage his arm, Edward exclaims, looking round him on the company:

"In truth, I am distressed at this occurrence—but I know not what to make of it. This gentleman is certainly deranged, for this is the first time I ever saw him, and I know nothing about his daughter."

"Wretch! it was not necessary to add insult to outrage," cried M. Guerreville, who was exceedingly exasperated by the cold-blooded indifference of Edward. "You do not wish to recognize me. Perhaps I can devise some way to compel you."

At the same time, M. Guerreville struck Edward on the cheek, with the back of his hand.

A general exclamation follows; some of the younger portion of the company wish to fall upon M. Guerreville, and put him out of the room: but they are restrained by his commanding look; whilst Edward, pale and motionless, after the blow that he had just received, contents himself with rolling his eyes on M. Guerreville with the expression of a tiger, and muttering—"Do you wish then that I should kill you?"

"Yes, after having stolen my child, take my life—or give me yours! All your blood will be insufficient to wash out your guilt."

"Well, sir—to-morrow morning——"

"No sir, to-day—this very hour—at the gate of St. Mandé."

"To-day be it then."

"I go to provide a second, and will attend you; but don't think to escape me. I know your name now—I know that you call yourself Delaberge, and I shall be sure of finding you again."

"In an hour, I will be at the rendezvous."

M. Guerreville hears nothing further. He departs, no one seeking to detain him. He quits the house which he had filled with confusion and alarm. He hurries home, burning with the desire of vengeance, but utterly distracted by the circumstances under which he had met the seducer of his daughter.

Jenneval was at his friend's house, waiting his return. On meeting M. Guerreville, he perceives at once that

he is suffering under a strong excitement; he runs towards him.

"What has happened?"

"Ah! my friend, I have at length found him—at length seen him! This monster—this Daubray—it was Edward Delaberge—the man who was affianced to Miss Dolbert."

"Is it possible?"

"To-day was appointed for the marriage—he was on the point of leading her to the altar. At the sight of this man, I could no longer restrain myself. I seized him—I demanded to know what he had done with my child. The coward—he pretended not to know me. In my frenzy I——"

"You struck him."

"I did—and it was the first moment of happiness that I have known for years."

"But, my friend, was this the most likely means of recovering your daughter?"

"I did wrong, perhaps; but could I be master of myself and repress my fury before this wretch, who pretended that I was a lunatic! The coward! But we are to fight—immediately—at St. Mandé. Doctor, you will be my second?"

"Of course—but if in this duel you kill this man, who will tell you what has become of Pauline?"

"Do you believe that in the moment of death he will be insensible to the pangs of remorse? But, doctor, the duel is inevitable. Perhaps I ought to have conducted myself differently—to have used address in compelling him to speak; but when I saw him enter the saloon—when I saw his hand clasped in that of the woman he was leading to the altar,—then—look you—I know not what passed in my mind—'This Edward is a wretch, and before all the world I would expose his crime'—my friend, I am certain if you had been in my place, you would have done just as I did."

"Very likely—but we must prepare for your duel. What weapons do you choose?"

"Swords and pistols—let him take his choice;—George, George, call a carriage—we have no time to lose."

"And tell him to mount behind it—we may have need of his services."

Jenneval makes every preparation for the duel. M. Guerreville is not in a state of mind to attend to anything, and can only walk up and down his chamber, looking by turns at his watch and his clock—exclaiming, "Despatch—despatch—we have no time to lose."

At length everything is prepared. M. Guerreville hurries down stairs. A carriage waits in the street; he enters it with the doctor, who carries the arms—George mounts behind, and the coachman drives for St. Mandé.

Jenneval appeared anxious, and remained silent by the side of his friend, who takes him by the arm and says—

"My friend, do you not sympathize with my good fortune? I have found the wretch who betrayed my daughter. I go to fight him—to punish him—to revenge myself! Don't you understand my happiness?"

"I understand perfectly your wish to fight the man who has injured you; but I fear it will not lead to the result you desire. If you kill this man, you will not learn the fate of your daughter. If he is successful—"

"Then, my friend, I shall be re-united to Pauline—for my daughter no longer lives; I cannot doubt it—or she would have returned long since to hide her shame in the bosom of her father. Besides, if there is justice in heaven, do you think it possible that in this duel I should be the sufferer?"

"No—but the justice of heaven sometimes resembles the justice of man; we do not always understand its decrees."

M. Guerreville, in return, merely presses the hand of his friend, and they proceed on their way in silence.

The carriage reaches the gate of St. Mandé; they order the driver to stop. The two friends get out, and enter the wood. George is directed to follow them at a distance.

The quick glance of M. Guerreville is turned in every direction among the trees, in search of his adversary. Edward Delaberge had not yet arrived.

"The coward—I must wait his coming! He would insult me to the end," says M. Guerreville, as he walks to and fro impatiently under the trees.

"Be calm, my friend—try to compose yourself; you are ill prepared for a rencontre in so much agitation."

"Ah! Jenneval, long has been the day that I have sighed for this meeting! Moments seem to me like ages!"

In four or five minutes Edward Delaberge arrives, with two of the young gentlemen who had been present in the morning at Madam Dolbert's.

"There he is! there he is!" cries M. Guerreville. "Ah, I breathe again: I feared that he would not come."

The three young men advance. Edward had a cold, undisturbed air. They direct their steps to a retired part of the wood. M. Guerreville soon pauses, with the exclamation—"This spot will answer!"

"I have brought pistols," says Edward. "As to that, however, if you prefer the sword, it is entirely indifferent to me."

"Very well," says M. Guerreville; "the sword—we shall have a nearer view."

Jenneval presents to the two combatants the swords which he carried under his cloak; each takes one without examining the other.

"Sir," exclaims M. Guerreville, putting himself on guard, "I fight for my daughter whom you have stolen. One of us may fall in this combat. Before crossing our swords, I demand to know of you what has become of my child."

"Sir," replies Delaberge, in an insolent tone, "I have already told you that I knew neither your daughter nor yourself. I understood nothing of the scene that took place this morning at Madam Dolbert's; and these gentlemen are the witnesses that I fight you only for the blow which you have given me."

"Wretch!" says M. Guerreville; "let us see if you will persist in your denial."

At the same moment their blades cross—the combatants assail each other with earnestness; but with M. Guerreville there was more ardor, more passion, than prudence—whilst Edward, who was a very skilful swordsman, applies himself merely to parrying the blows of his adversary, and exhausting his strength.

The combat continued for some time with equal advantage on both sides, when M. Guerreville, in making

a violent lunge at his adversary, received himself a sword-thrust, which passed through his body.

He grew pale—he staggered—he still desired to continue the fight, but the sword fell from his hands.

"The pistols!" mutters M. Guerreville, as he falls on the turf—"let them give us the pistols."

"You are no longer in a condition to hold one," says Edward, throwing his sword upon the ground. "I have washed out my affront—I have nothing more to do here—I will send you the carriage, and the servant who attends: let us go, gentlemen; I can now be married."

As he spoke, Edward took the arm of one of his seconds, and the three young men left the field.

Jenneval was on his knees by his friend; he raised him and gave immediate assistance. M. Guerreville soon began to lose consciousness, still muttering—"Pistols—give us pistols."

George soon arrived; seeing his master wounded and lying on the ground, the faithful servant uttered an exclamation of despair, and asked the doctor if his master would die.

"Alas!" says Jenneval, "the wound appears to be very deep and dangerous—I cannot answer for its consequences. Poor Guerreville! wounded—conquered—when he was fighting for his child, to avenge her honor—and the wretch who has wronged her, escapes unharmed. Ah! I had reason for saying that the justice of heaven sometimes resembles that of man."

The doctor and George take M. Guerreville in their arms, and bear him to the carriage.

Jenneval places himself there by the side of his friend, and the coachman drives as gently as possible to Paris.

Jenneval places himself by the bedside of M. Guerreville; he will not leave him for a moment as long as he considers him in danger; and if he cannot save him, he will at least be present to receive his last commands, and to close his eyes.

That night, at about eight o'clock, some one calls at the house of the wounded man; it is Jerome, who had come to learn the result of M. Guerreville's visit to Madam Dolbert.

The doctor shows M. Guerreville, still lying senseless on his bed, to the water-carrier, and says to him:

"There is the result of his visit to Madam Dolbert. In this Edward Delaberge, who was about to marry the young Stephanie, my friend recognized a man who had deeply wronged him—a wretch, of whom he had been a long time in pursuit. He insulted him. They fought. The wrong-doer triumphed—that often happens."

"Oh my God!" mutters the Auvergnese; "Wounded—mortally wounded perhaps! and it is I who have been the cause."

"You! oh, do not reproach yourself, Jerome; my poor friend, on the contrary, has blessed you, for having led him to this man whom he has so long sought."

"And this wound! oh, sir, is it possible that he will die of it?"

"I have great fears; but if I can save him at all, his recovery will be very slow."

"So brave a man! and the scoundrel who wounded him is unharmed—he—oh! it is *not* right—Monsieur Guerreville, my benefactor—a man so good, so generous! Adieu, good doctor, adieu; I shall come every day to inquire after him."

And Jerome departs, muttering between his teeth—"Oh! it is all the same—it is I who was the cause of his fighting—this brave man!—and—but it shall not end here."

THE SEQUEL.

* * * * *

Edward understands very well that his engagement will be broken off, if M. Guerreville should again see Madam Dolbert; but he knows not how to prevent their meeting, since the good lady makes no secret of her desire of an interview.

"They will refuse me Stephanie," says Edward, overflowing in his rage. "Well, well—if they are not willing that she shall be my wife, I will use other means; but mine she shall be. I will go to their country seat. It will not be difficult to gain admission to a house that is tenanted only by females. Oh! I will succeed; I have always succeeded in what I have resolutely undertaken."

And M. Delaberge departed with his valet de chambre, Dupré. He took up his lodgings in a retired inn, at the end of the village, and returned to reconnoitre from a distance the dwelling of Madam Dolbert, when he was recognized by Jerome. The water-carrier had determined to revenge the injury of M. Guerreville, and had tracked Edward from Paris.

Edward returned to his lodgings. He called his servant. "Nothing so easy," said he, "as to get into these ladies' house. It is mere child's play. You told me that Stephanie's chamber was that which makes the corner looking out on the road."

"Yes sir, I am sure of it."

"I shall only have to climb the garden wall, and from that I can easily reach the window. Your shoulders will serve me for a ladder. The rest I can compass alone. It seems very odd to scale the window of a woman whom I am to marry—but i'faith I am obliged to do it. And afterwards, they will no doubt beseech me to marry her—but I am not so certain that it will be my inclination. So, this evening, at ten o'clock, I will go out some time before you, that there may seem to be no concert. At ten precisely you will be at the spot I have mentioned."

"Precisely, sir; but is not ten o'clock too early?"

"Oh, no; in the country, you know, Madam Dolbert retires at nine. At ten, every soul in the house will be sound asleep."

These arrangements concluded, Edward Delaberge orders the best dinner that can be furnished at a country inn; and when he has finished his repast he goes out to walk in the fields.

But a man had been waiting for the traveller to make his appearance; this man is Jerome, who has been laying in wait in such a manner that Edward cannot go out without his knowledge; he follows him at a distance into the fields. He waits for the night to grow a little darker, for he wishes neither to be seen nor interrupted. At length Edward enters a secluded path, far remote from any habitation. The Auvergne quickens his pace, and taking a cross-way, soon finds himself close by Edward, whom he suddenly accosts, having leaped a hedge that separates them:

"A word with you, sir," says Jerome, placing himself in front of Edward, directly in his pathway.

"What do you want of me?" asks the young man, who was somewhat startled by this unexpected apparition, at night, and in a retired road.

"Oh! presently—be easy, I am no robber, and I ask nothing of your purse." "What do you want then?"

"You are M. Edward Delaberge—are you not?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then I wish to fight with you."

"You fight with me!" replies Edward, disdainfully; "indeed I do not fight with all the world."

"Very likely—but you will fight with me."

"And why? On what provocation? I don't know you. I never saw you before."

"And what of that? I am Jerome; by occupation a water-carrier; and an honest man, I flatter myself. I know you—I know that you fought some time ago with M. Guerreville. I am ignorant of the wrong you have done him—but he says you are a scoundrel, and when a man of honor says that, it must be true. In short, you gave him a severe wound, of which he nearly died. This M. Guerreville is my benefactor, and I have come to revenge him. Do you understand now?"

"Ah! M. Guerreville has chosen you for his defender!"

"M. Guerreville has not chosen me; M. Guerreville does not even suspect what I am doing—for he would probably have forbidden me, in the hope of fighting you again himself, as soon as he recovers. But it is I who have promised myself the pleasure of fighting you, and of gaining what a brave man has lost. Come on. I hope I have given you reasons enough—now we'll fight."

"No, I will not fight with you—with a man I don't know. Once more, sir, let me pass."

"Come, come—no nonsense—you shall not go."

"Know that a man of my rank cannot fight with an—I know not whom!"

"With an I know not whom! an I know not whom!" exclaims Jerome, approaching still nearer Edward, and looking him full in the face. "Ah! it is true. I am an 'I know not whom,' because I wear a frock—because I live in a garret, and gain my bread by the sweat of my brow! But you! oh, you are not an 'I know not whom!' You have a fortune! and what is more, you are an insolent, shabby fellow—and a coward into the bargain, I see."

"Idiot," exclaims Edward in a rage, "you shall pay dearly for this outrage."

"All in good time! You are in a passion at last—it is lucky! Come on—quick—to work."

And taking two enormous clubs that he had left behind the hedge, Jerome presents them to Edward, saying: "Choose."

"I do not fight with a club," replies Edward, shrugging his shoulders.

"And why not, my good sir?"

"Because I have not been used to such weapons!"

"Well, well—begin to-day. Oh, they are solid—I promise you that they won't break."

"You see well that you wish to take advantage of me in proposing this combat. You are used to handling a club—I have never touched one. Will the contest be equal?"

"And what prevents, monsieur, the petit-maitre from managing a club as well as I? I am fifty years old, you are only thirty; it seems to me that this might equalize all the difference between us. Come on—come on—take a club."

"Here are the weapons which I generally use," says Edward, drawing a pair of pistols from his pocket: "these will equalize all difference—for it does not require the strength of Hercules to draw the trigger of a pistol. Ah! ha—my good fellow, these stagger you a little—they don't please you so well as your clubs."

"Ah! you shall see if I shrink from any weapon," exclaims Jerome; "if I treated you as you deserve, I should begin by taking away your pistols and beating you with my cudgel; but I am not a coward like yourself, and accept your arms. Provided that I kill you and revenge M. Guerreville, how matters it with what weapon? Come—give me one of your pocket toys."

Throwing aside the clubs, Jerome does not wait for Edward to present a pistol; he snatches one from his hand, and stepping back three paces, cocks and aims it, saying, "Are we ready?"

"It is not usual to fire at such a short distance," says Edward, whose courage seems to flag under the summary movements of the Auvergnese.

"Oh! we must make sure—it is growing very dark, and I have no disposition to fire at random; but, faith, we must despatch. I will strike the signal with my foot—the second time we will draw together."

Jerome raises his weapon, and gives the first signal; Edward cocks his pistol—the Auvergnese hardly raises his foot to give the second and last signal, when Edward pulls the trigger of his pistol; it misses fire.

"Ah! mine will not miss, I hope," cries Jerome, and at the same moment he fires. Edward receives the ball in his breast, and falls almost upon his adversary.

"I think he has settled his account," says Jerome, throwing his pistol to the ground; "but, faith, if his pistol had not missed fire, I believe that I should have danced for it—as he was in a deuce of a hurry to draw. Monsieur, I will go and send your servant to carry you to the inn."

"In Heaven's name, Jerome," says Edward in a feeble voice, trying to raise himself—"in Heaven's name, carry me yourself. I feel that I am mortally wounded—I would wish for still time enough to write a few lines to M. Guerreville, whom I have so miserably injured. You can say at the inn that you found me in this road; and I promise you I will not mention that it was you with whom I have been fighting."

"So be it—I am very willing. But I do not fear exposing myself—oh, no—but if you repent, that is the chief thing, and I cannot refuse to assist you."

Jerome stoops, and taking the wounded man in his arms, raises him on his shoulder—thus loaded with this heavy burden, he sets out for the village; while Edward, with his handkerchief, tries to stay the blood which is flowing profusely from his wound.

The Auvergnese at length arrived at the inn. At sight of the traveller bathed in his own blood, every one assails Jerome with questions; Edward has still strength enough left to answer:

"I have been wounded in a duel—my adversary has fled. This brave man has found me, and has had strength enough to bring me here."

They carry the wounded man to his bed; they run for a physician. But Edward demands immediately pen, ink and paper. He desires to profit by his little remaining strength, to trace a few lines; he succeeds so far in overcoming his sufferings, when he gives the note to Jerome, saying in a low tone:

"Carry this to M. Guerreville—you have avenged him, and you have also saved Stephanie Dolbert; for I was this night to have introduced myself into her chamber, in the hope of carrying her off by force. Before dying, however, I would have wished—to bid her a last adieu—to have seen her once—"

"I shall pass by the house of these ladies," says Jerome, "and will tell them what has happened to you, and what you desire. Oh, I doubt not that they will come to take care of you. Adieu, sir—try to recover, if possible. For myself, I return to Paris, where I hope to restore completely the health of M. Guerreville."

In uttering these words, Jerome takes the billet which Edward extends to him, and leaves the inn at the moment a physician arrives there.

The water-carrier stops as he promised, at the house of Madam Dolbert; but at the moment of entering, he discovered the servant of M. Delaberge, who, in obedience to the orders of his master, was waiting for him under Stephanie's window.

"You wait for your master in vain," says Jerome, addressing himself to Dupré. "He has just received a pistol-shot in a duel, and has but a few moments to live; go, carry this news to Madam Dolbert's—M. Edward Delaberge would like to see them before he dies."

The valet is thunder-struck at this intelligence. Before he recovers from his surprise, Jerome is already on the road to Paris; for the Auvergnese is so anxious to arrive at M. Guerreville's, that he triples his strides, and leaves far behind him most of the carriages, which are on the way to Paris.

In spite of his utmost diligence, it was an hour to morning when he re-enters Paris. The Auvergnese hesitates as to his proper course: at so unseasonable an hour, shall he present himself at M. Guerreville's? He might be obliged to rouse the whole house to gain admittance; and he might disturb the repose of the good gentleman himself, who is hardly convalescent, and to whom the doctor had recommended the most particular care. Jerome perceives that notwithstanding his anxiety to see M. Guerreville, he must defer his visit to the next day.

The water-carrier returns to his humble dwelling, but he does not close his eyes. He has the billet, which Edward Delaberge had given him for M. Guerreville; but, though the letter was not sealed, Jerome did not suffer himself to look at it; he would have considered it a crime.

At length the day dawns. Jerome counts the minutes, the seconds. At six o'clock, he goes out and directs his course towards M. Guerreville's, saying to himself, "If he is still asleep, no matter—I can wait for him to wake up."

It is George who opens the door for the Auvergnese, and he cannot refrain from saying, "You are here somewhat early, Monsieur Jerome."

"True, Monsieur George—but do you see, when one has good news to tell, I think that he cannot arrive too

early. But first, how is M. Guerreville this morning?"

"Very well. Oh, he is quite out of danger—he sat up a little yesterday, and now he is in a deep sleep."

"He is asleep—then I will not disturb his repose. I will wait till he wakes—but the moment he opens his eyes, Monsieur George, you must tell me of it."

"Oh! I promise you."

Jerome seats himself in a corner of the dining room. More than an hour elapses, and M. Guerreville is still enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber.

"Faith!" said Jerome, "I am glad that he sleeps so soundly; but I shall not be sorry when he wakes—but I will wait—I will wait—for this repose must hasten his recovery."

A half-hour still elapses; some one arrives; it is Dr. Jenneval, who comes to learn how his friend had passed the night. On seeing Jerome, he offers him his hand, and asks, "What are you doing here?"

"I am waiting for M. Guerreville to wake up."

"You wish then to see him this morning?"

"Yes—for I have done what I promised myself, and I am come to tell him something that will give him pleasure. That can do him no harm, can it, doctor?"

"No, indeed."

At this moment, M. Guerreville's chamber bell is rung, and George enters a moment after to announce that his master is awake.

"Let us go in," says Jenneval; and he enters the bed-chamber of his friend, followed by the Auvergnese, who is a good deal agitated and trembles like a child, who is on the point of some expected pleasure.

"Good day, my dear Jenneval," says M. Guerreville, extending his hand to the doctor; then perceiving Jerome, who approaches on tiptoe: "Ah! is it you, my dear Jerome! Come then, my friend, I am glad to see you; I know that you have often called to inquire after my health, and never understood why you refused to come in. Were you afraid of being troublesome? Do you think so ill of me as to believe that I should not have been most glad to see you?"

"Oh no, my dear sir, no, it is not that at all—but do you see, I had made an oath and I wished to keep it."

"An oath, Jerome?"

"Yes, sir—for when you fought, and were wounded, and were likely to die, I said to myself that I was the cause of it—seeing that all this would never have happened, had not I asked you to call at Madam Dolbert's."

"Jerome, never reproach yourself for that; it is a great service that you have rendered me. You have found for me a man whom I have been a long time pursuing. As to the duel, fortune has not been over favorable this time, but at another I hope—"

"It's of no use, M. Guerreville; you will never find it necessary to fight again with M. Edward Delaberge. I took it upon myself to revenge you—and thank heaven I have completely succeeded."

"What do you mean to say, Jerome," exclaims M. Guerreville, half-rising in his bed.

"I mean to say, that I made an oath not to see you again till I had revenged you on him, who, they say, has been the cause of your unhappiness. Oh, for fifteen days I pursued it, and it was only with great difficulty that I at length found the occasion I sought. But at length, last evening, it presented itself. I met M. Dela-

berge in the country, near the dwelling of Madam Dolbert, in a retired road. I began the conversation. He was unwilling to fight me, but I compelled him to it. I proposed clubs—he refused; he proposed pistols—I accepted them: we fired—near enough—and his business was finished—he received a ball in his breast. If he is alive this morning, I should be much surprised to hear it."

"Jerome! Jerome! is it possible? You have avenged me!"

"Yes, sir; pardon me for having acted without your consent—but it was too much for me! I could not bear it."

"Ah, you are a brave fellow," says Jenneval, taking the hand of the Auvergnese.

"Eh, good heavens, doctor, I have found an opportunity of repaying a favor which I long since received; was it not plain that I should profit by it?"

"Good Jerome," says M. Guerreville, "this Edward Delaberge was indeed very guilty; but before he died, I should have wished—oh! if he had only confessed his wrongs!"

"He has confessed them; his first words admitted that he had been guilty of deeply injuring you. Then he desired to write a few lines, and he charged me over and over again to give them to you. Here is his paper."

"Can it be possible! That Edward should confess at last—oh, give me the paper, Jerome, give it to me, quick."

"My friend," says the doctor approaching the bed, "I fear that any strong excitement—"

"No, Jenneval, no, fear nothing—I can endure anything—for a long time I have been prepared for the worst; this suspense is the worst of torments."

Jerome fumbled in his pocket, and drew out the paper which he had put away with great care. He gives it to M. Guerreville, who receives it in extreme agitation, and reads it, while big tears start from his eyes, and he exclaims in anguish:

"Oh, the wretch! I had well divined his abominable conduct."

"What does he write to you, at last?" says Jenneval.

"I will read what he has traced in a trembling and hardly legible hand; but first, my friend, I desire that Jerome should know the full extent of his guilt—that he should know the whole history of his connection with me. Listen, Jerome, and judge if my resentment is just. I had a daughter whom I adored, who was the hope of my old age—she was my fortune—my happiness; in my daughter I had centred all my existence. She was young, beautiful, intelligent. This Edward introduced himself to my family under an assumed name. He undertook to seduce my daughter—to delude her with the belief that I would never consent to their union. The wretch! He did not wish to marry her—he only intended her dishonor! At length, he stole her from me—and all my search of them was in vain. I could not discover what had become of my child. During the first few days, my daughter wrote to me—she promised to return, with her husband. Ah! she doubtless flattered herself that her seducer would marry her: but soon the letters ceased, and for nine years I have had no intelligence of my child."

"Nine years!" exclaims Jerome, who seems every

moment to take a deeper interest in the story; "nine years! It is strange——"

Without attending to the interruption of Jerome, M. Guerreville continues his story:

"You may judge of my grief—of my despair. I travelled in vain in all directions—nothing—no news of my child or her seducer—but judge of my surprise, of my indignation, in recognizing in this Edward Delaberge the man who, under the name of Daubray, had gained admittance to my house. The wretch! he was on the point of marriage. My first impulse was to demand the restoration of my daughter. The scoundrel pretended not to recognize me. I compelled him to fight; you know the issue of the encounter. To-day, in the moment of death, remorse has at length reached his heart. But he does not restore my daughter. Hold, here is what he has written to me. Listen, listen."

M. Guerreville takes the paper again, and reads in a voice, interrupted by tears:

"I have been very guilty, sir, but at the moment of death I acknowledge my crime. It is true that I seduced your daughter, and carried her secretly to Paris; but I had no intention of marrying her. At the end of six months, weary of her complaints, I abandoned her. But what is worst of all, it was when she was on the point of becoming a mother."

"Mother!" exclaims Jerome, striking his forehead.

"And this sacred title made no impression on my heart. Ah! I am a monster! Since that time, I know not what became of your daughter—I never saw her more. To-day, retribution has overtaken me. I am on the point of death, and I feel that I am unworthy of pardon!"

"My poor daughter! My dear child!" cries M. Guerreville, as he finished reading the note. "Oh! doubtless she died in despair; but she was about to become a mother. Oh! my God! I should not have been left utterly desolate, if you had spared me her child."

"My friend, my friend, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself," says the doctor, taking the hand of M. Guerreville; "yes, the conduct of this Delaberge was horrible, but at last Jerome has revenged you; and—but see the agitation of this brave fellow—your story has made a deep impression upon him."

In fact, Jerome could not keep a moment quiet; he walked to and fro—pronounced a few half-articulate words—looking on M. Guerreville in an air of the most compassionate interest—then, wiping away the drops of sweat that stood on his forehead, he tried in vain to restrain the tears which were dimming his eyes.

"Jerome, my friend, what ails you?" says M. Guerreville, fixing his eye anxiously on the Auvergnese; "you are shedding tears, I believe?"

"Ah! my good sir, do not blame me—they are so sweet—they are tears of joy, of happiness. Ah! my God! if it was possible! Oh! but I never shall be so happy; I dare not even hope it."

"Explain yourself, my friend."

"Ah! indeed I am unable—I choke—but before saying a word, I must go home—find the papers, the letters that will prove—oh! thank Heaven, I have preserved them all so carefully. Wait for me—wait for me—I shall not be long."

And Jerome disappears, running like a madman.

M. Guerreville and the doctor look at each other, for

they do not understand the conduct of the water-carrier; but this only makes them more anxious for his return.

Ten minutes had not elapsed, before Jerome returns breathless, covered with dust and sweat. He runs and seats himself by the bedside of M. Guerreville, saying:

"Now, sir, listen to me—I can explain myself better."

"It was about nine years ago—yes, it was in the month of October, while my poor wife was still alive; and we had just hired an upper story of a house in St. Martin street. One day as I returned home, my wife said to me, 'We have a neighbor under us, a young woman who is very genteel, but who seems very sad and unhappy—she is on the point of becoming a mother, and her eyes tell that she does nothing but weep. I have an idea that it is a young girl whom some worthless fellow has seduced, and then abandoned.'"

"Oh! my God!" exclaims M. Guerreville, interrupting Jerome; "this poor girl—it was—perhaps——"

"Wait—wait, and be of good courage, sir. I said to my wife: 'Go and see this young woman, and do not be afraid to offer your services to her if she has need of them—neighbors should help one another.' My wife desired nothing better. She went and offered assistance to her young neighbor—to get such things as she wanted. The young girl was very grateful for the little attentions of my wife, and, in conversing with her, used constantly to say, 'As soon as my infant comes into the world, and I recover my strength, I shall return to my father—my father whom I have abandoned! but who will forgive me—he is so good. Oh! yes, by his side I shall be no longer unhappy.'"

"Ah, Jerome, it was she—my Pauline—my daughter—oh, yes, it must have been she who talked thus."

"My friend, cheer up," says the doctor; "so much excitement, I fear——"

"Oh, doctor, let him speak on—finish, Jerome."

"At length, my wife consoled this young lady as well as she was able. She was convinced that she wept for a wretch who had abandoned her, but whose name she never once pronounced. Some days elapsed. One night the young lady was in great suffering—she was about to become a mother. I ran out to call a midwife. At length, after the most cruel pains, our young neighbor was delivered of a daughter—very weak and feeble, and who seemed already to suffer like her mother; my wife never quitted the poor young lady. The day after her delivery, she was very ill, and desired to write to her father. Fearing that she should be a long time feeble, she desired to commit her child to him—to commend her daughter to his care. She began a letter, but she wept as she wrote. At length her strength failed her—her sufferings increased, and a delirium that never left her ensued—for on the morrow——"

"O my God! my poor child! but the letter—the letter, Jerome."

"Oh! I have it. It is that I have just been in search of at home—unfortunately the young lady had not strength to address it; otherwise, you know, I should have carried it to her father—but hold—hold—there it is."

Jerome presents the unfinished letter to M. Guerreville, who had no sooner received it, than he uttered an

exclamation, and raising it to his lips—"My child! my child! oh, it was indeed she—it was indeed her dear hand that traced these characters!"

The letter M. Guerreville read in a voice interrupted by his sobs:

"Pardon me, my dear father; your Pauline was very guilty, but heaven has already sufficiently punished her. I am a mother. I have just been delivered of a daughter. Love her as you loved me—and if I should never see you again——"

"Poor child! her hand could write no more. She is dead—dead—and without my embrace!"

M. Guerreville was about to surrender himself to a new despair, when Jerome takes him by the arm and says:

"Sir—sir, do you forget that your Pauline is not altogether dead—that she has left a daughter—another self."

"In truth, Jerome—but this child——"

"This child? This child I took care of myself. I treated her as if she had been my daughter—her mother having died without leaving any information of her family. This poor child! What would have become of her? But Jerome was there—and do you not divine that this little Zizine——"

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes, sir, she is the daughter of your poor Pauline. I never told any one that I was not her father—but it was for her good that I consented to part with her. I thought it was for her good, and I had no right to refuse."

"Jerome, my dear Jerome—ah, you have been a good angel for me."

M. Guerreville opened his arms to the Auvergnese, who rushed into them, and they remained some moments locked in this embrace.

At length, the first emotion passed, they try to compose themselves—to recover themselves. M. Guerreville wishes to rise at once to go in search of Zizine, but the doctor prevents him; the invalid, however, is not content till Jerome promises to set out immediately, in a carriage, for Beaumont, to bring back Zizine.

"But," says M. Guerreville, "if this Edward is still alive, do not tell him that this child is his daughter. The wretch who abandoned the mother is not worthy to take her daughter to his arms."

"Oh! be tranquil," says Jerome, "it is not to him that I would commit my dear little charge. It is not for him that I have brought her up, and taken care of her for nine years."

The stout Auvergnese does not wish to delay any longer. George went in search of a carriage, and by order of his master accompanied Jerome. The coachman knows that he will receive just what he asks, if he only drives at full speed; and at eleven in the forenoon they arrive at Beaumont.

Jerome stops the carriage before the dwelling of Madam Dolbert. He is about going in, when the porter stops him and says:

"The ladies are at the inn of the village. M. Edward Delaberge is there, who has been wounded in a duel. He is very ill—so ill, that they were afraid to move him. The ladies are taking care of him."

"And Zizine?"

"She is with the ladies."

Jerome turns toward the inn; he enters. From the sad aspect of every one, he sees that the wounded man is no better. A servant points the way to the low chamber in which Edward lies, telling him, "If you wish to see him, you must be quick, for the physician says that he cannot live through the day."

Jerome gently enters the chamber. Near a window sat Madam Dolbert, trying to console Stephanie, who was weeping bitterly; for in confessing to the woman he was about to have married, all his past faults, and even the attempt which he had just meditated, Edward had been able by his repentance to reanimate the love which she had once felt for him; but what most moves the Auvergnese, is to see the little Zizine on her knees before the bed of the wounded man.

"Approach, poor little thing," says Edward, in a feeble voice; "I did not love thee—I never spoke a kind word to thee. But to-day, I know not why, I see thee with pleasure. Zizine, thou also wilt pardon me, and pray heaven to show me mercy."

The child wept, as she raised a silent prayer. At this moment Jerome advances and makes a sign to Madam Dolbert to retire with Stephanie. It was with difficulty that the good lady could induce her to withdraw from the inn, that she might be spared the sad spectacle of the death of him who was to have been her husband.

When Madam Dolbert and her daughter had retired, Jerome approaches Edward, and pointing to Zizine, who is still on her knees, says to him in a low voice:

"May heaven in its mercy forgive you all the wrongs you have inflicted on her mother!"

"Her mother!" mutters Edward—"Good heavens! Can it be? This child——"

He had not strength to say more; he seized one of Zizine's hands, and was about raising it to his lips, when his eyes closed never again to open.

Jerome takes the little girl in his arms and hurries from the inn. He goes at once to Madam Dolbert, and informs her of Edward's death.

"Now," says Jerome, in an air of triumph, "I am going to carry Zizine to her father."

"To her father!" exclaim Madam Dolbert and Stephanie at the same moment; whilst the child passes its arms around the neck of the Auvergnese, and cries—"But you are my father! Are you unwilling that I should be your daughter?"

"My dear little girl, I love you as well as if you were my own child—but it is now necessary that you should know the truth. I am not your father—I took care of you in your infancy—you have repaid me by your caresses and your love, Zizine. I had seen your mother die, and I had no means of discovering your relations. It was very natural then that I should call myself your father. But to-day Heaven has permitted me to discover him. Your mother, my dear—your mother was the daughter of this good M. Guerreville, who was our benefactor; he sought for her, he wept for her, for nine years. But he has not lost everything; for he has discovered you. You shall replace his lost Pauline—for you also are his daughter; and you will love him dearly—will you not? Try, by your affection, to restore the happiness of which he has been so long deprived."

"Oh, yes, I love M. Guerreville very much," says

Zizine, in tears; "but I want that you should always be my father."

Stephanie, who had heard all, presses the little girl to her heart, and says—"Thus I lose everything at once—love, friendship, all that has made the charm of the past, and is the hope of the future."

"Oh! be not distressed, my dear friend," says Zizine, "M. Guerreville is very good. He knows all that you have done for me, and he will let me come and see you very often: is it not so, Jerome?"

"Yes, without doubt—I'll answer for it; we will all be very happy together. But your grandpapa expects you, my Zinzinette; this good man has been miserable for nine years, and you must now hasten to console him."

Jerome does not wait for a reply. He carries out the little girl—gets into the carriage with her, where he places her on his knees; for the good Auvergnese wishes to take advantage of these last moments in which he can treat Zizine like his daughter. But the whole length of the way, he was constantly repeating to the child:

"You must call M. Guerreville father, immediately—always call him father. Oh, it will do him so much good to hear you call him so—this good man! that will be enough to cure him."

At length they reach Paris. They stop before the door of M. Guerreville. He had risen and was sitting at the window; the doctor could not refuse him this privilege. On seeing Zizine descend from the carriage, his sight grows dim, his eyes fill with tears, and he falls almost senseless on his chair. But he recovers himself as he hears a sweet voice saying to him—"My father, do you wish to embrace your daughter?"

Who can describe the happiness, the rapture of this man, who, for nine years, has not answered to that tender name? He presses Zizine in his arms, he covers her with kisses, he cannot take his eyes away from her; for in this child he sees once more his lost Pauline.

"Brave Jerome!" says M. Guerreville, when he recovers strength to speak, "I owe you all my happiness! Ah, my friend, you shall not leave me. I wish that you should give up your present situation, and pass the rest of your days in repose and happiness."

"I repose!" says Jerome; "and what for? I am not sick! Quit my present situation! Oh! no, Monsieur Guerreville, permit me always to remain a water-carrier and nothing but a water-carrier. You will not receive me with less pleasure, and I shall be better contented. Ah! when I shall have no more strength to carry my buckets—then I don't say, but that I might be glad of a little corner to sleep in—with permission to embrace my Zinzinette. That is all that I shall need to make me happy!"

M. Guerreville's only reply was to press the Auvergnese in his arms, while his little daughter leaps upon his neck.

It is said that deep emotions are dangerous, but those born of pleasure seldom result in evil. Eight days after this event, M. Guerreville was entirely recovered; but his grand-daughter had not left him for a moment, and she was so gentle, so sweet, so affectionate, that he could not but say to her—"My dear child, you have restored to me all that I have lost!"

Madam Dolbert had returned with Stephanie to Pa-

ris. Among kind-hearted people, acquaintance and attachments are soon formed. M. Guerreville was very happy in testifying to Madam Dolbert and Stephanie, his gratitude for all that they had done for Zizine. A pleasant intimacy was established between them, and thus Zizine still continued to see her young protectress.

Jerome came often to embrace her whom he had so long called his daughter; and the evidence of Zizine's happiness repaid all that he had done for her.

Dr. Jenneval, the sincere and devoted friend, whose assiduity had preserved the life of M. Guerreville, was regarded as one of the family; and in the course of time, by his amiable character and liveliness of wit, effaced from the heart of Stephanie the image of her first lover.

TO M—— G——.

BY S. W. INGE.

Grief—Grief has left

Its saddest traces on thy mournful brow!
Thy virgin face, so youthful, tells e'en now
Of joys bereft—

Of sweet affection's early, gloomy blight—
Of fondest hopes sunk into sorrow's night!

Death—ruthless Death!

Has stricken, even yesterday, one dear
To thy existence,—making life drear!

The Autumn's breath

Comes not more chilling on the Summer's rose,
Than this remembrance o'er thy heart's repose.

Thy heart is lone!

No mother's kindly smile upon thee beams—
No star of peace amid life's darkness gleams;
Thy smiles are gone!

While lingers yet youth's morning glow
Upon thy cheek, as sunbeams on the snow!

But oh! think not

That there is none, who fondly dreams of thee—
Who, in affliction's hour, weeps sympathy
In thy sad lot.

Aye, dearest, I will be, in hours of care,
More than a father—kindred—ever are!

'Tis but a day

Since I have known aught of thy joy or grief;
Yet would I give my life to bring relief—

To chase away

The sad remembrance of the gloomy past—
To teach thee sorrow will not always last!

Thou hast no home

To call thee to its shades of peace and rest—
To calm sad mem'ry—make existence blest:

Then wilt thou come,

Oh! brightest angel of my fairy dreams—
And shed around my soul love's joyous beams?

And we will dwell

In the sweet south, where green savannahs wave—
Where the blue sea shall ever murmur lave

Our sylvan dell!

Oh! there, on poesy's enchanted ground,
We'll live, within deep ocean's ceaseless sound!

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire; and translated in Paris, from the French for the Messenger.

THE MISTRESS OF THE PRETENDER.

The *Comte de Provence* (Louis XVIII) was in Poland, where the police caused all his movements to be carefully watched. It was a short time after the conspiracy of Georges, and the establishment of the empire. Suddenly information was transmitted to Paris, that a lady who had lived on terms of intimacy with the *Comte de Provence*, was about to return to the French capitol. They gave her the title of *Mistress of the Pretender*, which was enough to have rendered the story itself suspicious. Nevertheless it was necessary to ascertain what this lady had done in Poland, and what she was going to do in Paris.

An agent was chosen, witty, intelligent and extremely handsome. His instructions were given to him, with money necessary for his voyage, and he set off for the country. The police had been informed of the name under which the lady travelled, of the day, and the probable hour of her arrival, and of the hotel at which she proposed to lodge.

On the day designated, the agent set off from Nanterre in a *cabriolet de p^{er}te*, taking with him many very heavy trunks, and arrived at the hotel at which the lady was expected to descend. Many apartments were vacant. He retained them all for his family, whom he preceded but by a few days.

In the course of the evening another carriage stopped at the door of the hotel—it was that of the lady in question. She exhibited a good deal of dissatisfaction on learning that not a single apartment remained, which could be given her. "There are many unoccupied," said the landlord, "but a great foreign nobleman has retained them all for his family, which he is expecting in a few days." All that he could do for the purpose of saving her the inconvenience of seeking a lodging at so late an hour, was to inquire of this noble foreigner, who appeared to be much of a gentleman, if he would consent to give up to a lady, for a single night, one of the apartments he had rented, but which he did not yet occupy.

The stranger, the gentleman, contrived to cause himself to be a little solicited. He was told that the lady was handsome—this consideration decided him. He hastened to descend to offer her his hand, and to place at her disposal all the apartments, even his own. He did more—the lady arrived a good deal fatigued; having given no orders in advance for supper, she would be forced to wait some time. He begged her to partake of his own. She hesitated—two or three times politely refusing—but at last consented.

Placing themselves at table, they converse, approach each other, and a short time only elapsed before an intimacy is established between them. Towards midnight their intimacy was already such, that every apartment might have been returned to the owner of the hotel, with the reservation of but a single chamber.

The next morning the agent presented himself at the audience of his chief.

"Sir," said he, "the woman whom you charged me to converse with, is simply a cunning jade—I know her perfectly, she has nothing concealed from me. She is, to describe her whole character, quite a good looking young woman, who visited Poland in the hopes of drawing some money from the nobles of that country. She found them all ruined, and returns here in the hope of doing better."

"It would seem your knowledge has progressed rapidly, if she has already confided such secrets to your ear."

"It was not without difficulty that I led her to that point; but she wants money; and she believes me a rich and powerful *seigneur*. Moreover she has never even seen the person of the *Comte de Provence*."

"Yet she was seen to enter the house which he inhabits."

"Then it was not on his account, but to visit some *valet de chambre*."

"She may be playing a part for the purpose of deceiving us?"

"She must then be a woman who carries her devotion to great lengths. If you think proper, I will continue to see her."

"Yes: a woman does not communicate the first day, or the first night, everything that she has in her mind. Continue to visit her;—give yourself out as an enemy of the government, speak to her adroitly of the Bourbons; lead her then, if possible, to some confidences."

The stranger returned to the hotel, seemed more and more attracted by the lady, and showed her the greatest attention. Both, dreading the arrival of his family, which was expected every moment,—deploring in advance their inevitable separation, endeavored to console themselves by making the most of their time at the theatres and *fêtes*.

Eight days passed in this way. The agent finally paid another visit to his chief; but he was not longer so gay and light-hearted as before.

"I told you," he said, addressing his employer, "that the woman in question was a jade. I will add that she is a wicked one—I will answer that she knows nothing; but if she was not driven from Poland, it would be well, at least, to send her from France."

"How, why?"

"I told you eight days since, that she had concealed nothing from me. You replied that a woman did not always communicate the first day or even the first night, everything she possessed:—you were right, and I was wrong. She did conceal one thing from me; and I have since learnt what it was; you must give me leave of absence for a month. Should you hereafter have any other commission of the same kind, entrust it, I pray you, to another person."

THE ROYALIST MOVEMENT IN 1814.

Louis XVIII states, I do not know where, (perhaps in the preamble to his *charte octroyée*) that he had been recalled by the unanimous wishes of the French people. A year after, Napoleon was recalled from the island of Elba, by the unanimous wishes of the same French people; and a hundred days had scarcely elapsed before, once more, the same unanimous wishes

were declared in favor of Louis XVIII! In the event of an accession to the throne, these unanimous wishes are the easiest thing in the world to obtain. Some few interested persons, an imperceptible minority, make themselves heard. The rest, that is the majority, keep silent from prudence or fear;—to this silent majority the principle *that silence gives consent* is applied, and the voice of the minority thus becomes the unanimous voice of the people.

Louis XVIII and his family had been absent twenty two years from France when Napoleon was dethroned. The generation which had been contemporary with the Bourbons, no longer existed in 1814, with the exception of a few individuals, some of whom were engaged in the service of the empire, and others (the majority) living in a retired way at their country seats, far from public affairs, and from the world. Nearly all had forgotten the Bourbons. The generation of the revolution and of the empire was entirely ignorant of their existence. I belong, on my father's side, to a family which, before the revolution of 1789, had been attached to the service of the Count d'Astois. I had often heard this Prince spoken of, without ever thinking to inquire if he still existed; and when towards the end of the campaign of France, an Austrian officer called to me from the left bank of the Iser, where he commanded a post opposed to mine, which was on the right, and announced that peace was concluded, and that Louis XVIII would return to France, I did not know, I frankly confess it, of whom he spoke.

In 1814 the Bourbons caused themselves to be thought of, and it was well that they did, for otherwise scarcely any one would have dreamt of them.

Yet, I shall be told, that the moment that the foreign troops arrived in Paris, white cockades were exhibited, and cries of *vive le roi, vive Louis XVIII*, were heard in the city. On the 31st of March 1814, a royalist proclamation was placarded on the walls of Paris. I know it; I have even a copy in my possession, perhaps the only one existing, of this unsigned proclamation. I will transcribe it.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

Inhabitants of Paris!

The hour of your deliverance has arrived; your oppressors are deprived forever of the power of injuring you.

Your city is saved!

Return thanks to Providence, and exhibit the evidence of your gratitude to the illustrious monarchs and their brave armies, who have been so basely calumniated. It is to them you are indebted for the peace, the repose, and the prosperity of which you have been so long deprived.

Let your feelings, kept under for so many years, show themselves in cries, a thousand times reiterated, of *vive le roi! vive Louis XVIII! vivent nos généreux libérateurs!*

Let the most tender union and the most perfect order reign among you, that the crowned heads about to honor your walls with their presence, received as saviors, may learn that Frenchmen, and above all, that Parisians, have preserved in their hearts respect for the laws, and love for the monarchy.

Paris, 31st of March, 1814.

I trust I shall be pardoned the sentiment of disgust which the reading of such a publication cannot fail to inspire. I have been compelled to transcribe it, as a matter of history—besides I had a concession to make. It is true, that during the passage of the *avant-garde* of the enemy, while the tri-colored flag still floated over Paris, some white cockades were exhibited, some cries of *vive Louis XVIII* were heard, some royalist proclamations were posted in the streets. This is, perhaps, what has been called, what Louis XVIII spoke of as *the unanimous wish of the French people*. Does any one desire now to know the real number of the French, who, unanimously, re-called Louis XVIII? I do not speak at hazard—I am on sure ground. The list has been printed in connection with a historical notice of the event. A notice of which, copies enough were printed to be presented to the *illustrious monarchs*, and to Louis XVIII. They were—*SIXTY-SIX*: and yet, many, who had no agency in the matter, obtained the inscription of their names on the list, as certain deputies had their names subscribed to the famous protest of the Chamber of Deputies, in July 1830, which, if I am not mistaken, had originally fifteen signatures, at the most. (*See evidence No. 1, at the end of the manuscript.*)

The royalist movement of 1814, was, so far as Paris was concerned, much such an affair as the conspiracy of Mallet. I subjoin what I know and can prove on the subject.

Towards the month of December 1813, a M. de Semallé, an old page of Louis XVIII, had been sent to Paris for the purpose of confirming the relations of the Bourbons with their ancient partizans. M. de Semallé first addressed himself to the chiefs of the party. He was unsuccessful with them. He was obliged to descend, and consequently to encounter men who had nothing to lose and everything to gain. These persons listened to his propositions, and a royalist committee, timid and frightened, organized itself at Paris. The members agreed to meet at the house of one of the committee, named Lemercier, in the *rue de l'Echiquier*, No. 36. This Lemercier had been a banker, and becoming embarrassed in business, had turned a man of letters. M. de Semallé had the rare good luck not to address himself to any agent, or any *friend* of the police. The meetings of the committee were kept secret. The Duke of Rovigo had no suspicion of their existence; and remained ignorant of everything connected with the committee, till the 31st of March. He confesses the fact in his Memoirs.

Among M. de Semallé's recruits there was a M. de L*****, a man of great energy, a captain, and a *chef d'escadron* during the immigration. He was afterwards a colonel in *la Vendée*, and was the last of the Vendean chiefs to consent to treat with the First Consul. This man (I cannot name him for he is yet living) has frequently told me that he would willingly have served the republic, but that he had sworn hatred even to death against Napoleon, from the moment that he saw him assume the imperial crown. This man, to whom the restoration was odiously ungrateful, was the main-spring of, indeed the only man of action concerned in, the royalist conspiracy of 1814. I am indebted to him for all the facts I am about to reveal. In support of his recital he has shown me the most authentic evidence, such as the certificates of the mayors of Paris,

attesting that on the morning of the 31st of March, M. de L***** came, with a pistol in his hand, to force them to receive and attach white cockades to their hats. (*See evidence at end of manuscript, Nos. 2. and 3.*)

The royalist committee met frequently, but did not do much. An important victory of the Allied armies was necessary to its action. While expecting such an event, they secretly collected heaps of white cockades, and prepared the necessary proclamations. Communications had been established with the head quarters of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and with the King of Prussia. They endeavored to make these Princes explain their ulterior views, but only succeeded in drawing from them evasive answers. Victory, indeed, did not appear in their eyes, by any means certain; and they would doubtless have preferred an advantageous treaty, to the chances of a prolonged contest with an adversary whom they knew to be so fertile in resources, and so skilful in profiting by the most trivial accidents.

Fate had decided. The imperial crown was to fall from the head of the great man. It was in vain, that in this unfortunate campaign, he worked every miracle that genius could produce. In vain he exerted in every combat all the resources of his super-human activity. His hour was arrived. The enemy threatened the capital left without defence. A capitulation had just been accepted, and the next morning a Prussian *avant-garde* was to enter Paris.

The royalist committee declared its session permanent. It was preparing itself to profit by events, though no favorable news had yet been received from the head quarters of the enemy. The Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia, had not yet published their famous declaration that they would not treat again with Napoleon. The name of Louis XVIII, murmured about their ears, had not obtained the least favor. The idea had not yet been conceived, of imposing on the Emperor of Austria the sacrifice of a crown in the possession of his daughter, and promised to his grandson. The imperial authorities still occupied the places that had been confided to them by the Emperor. Nothing had yet been changed; and the most probable idea, supposing the abdication, then announced, of Napoleon, was that his son would ascend the throne, with the regency entrusted to the Empress Maria Louisa, under the protection of the Emperor of Austria. Bernadotte, also, was vaguely spoken of, who claimed a reward for the eminent services he had rendered the coalition. The chances were strongly in favor of Napoleon II. Only one thing could prevent the choice falling upon him—a national demonstration—the proclamation of a wish, which the conquerors should be forced to respect, could alone prevent it.

This had been hinted to the royalist committee, by the Count Langeron, a Frenchman, then a general in the Russian service.

As the opinion of sixty-six individuals, almost all of them entirely unknown, could not produce the effect of a national demonstration, it was necessary to deceive the foreign Princes, to draw along a part of the population by deceiving it, and to compromise individuals; and that in the face of the imperial authorities, and the national guard of Paris. Mallet had dreamed the same thing; and it will be seen that the means adopted, were,

almost precisely, the same on which the conspirator of 1812 had counted.

A meeting of the royalist committee had been appointed for the evening of the 30th of March. Events were sufficiently advanced to enable all the members to attend without danger. They discussed and adopted the proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris, which is inserted on the preceding page. The MSS. was immediately carried to M. Michaud, brother to the former principal Editor of the *Quotidienne*, a printer in the *rue des Bons Enfants*. M. Michaud consented to loan his presses; and it was for this service that he figured in the list of sixty-six, and was subsequently appointed printer to the King. The officer who commanded at the back gate of the bank of France, having perceived an extraordinary bustle, and at an unusual hour, in the house in which M. Michaud's printing office was kept, became uneasy, and announced their intention of visiting the work-shops. The noise immediately ceased, and it was only with the greatest precaution, that they succeeded in removing from the office, the small number of copies already struck off.

Let us return to No. 36, *rue de l'Echiquier*. The question made the order of the day, was how to effect, or rather to get up the appearance of a royalist movement in Paris. The committee did not know what course to determine on; it was afraid of the police, and particularly so of the national guard. At this time M. de L*****, without making known his plan, announced his intention of attempting alone, the next morning, that which the members of the committee could not without danger undertake together. He only required of his fellow conspirators, to supply themselves with proclamations and cockades, and to place themselves at given points, waiting until he should personally give them the sign for action. The proposition was accepted;—they were not embarrassed by the necessity of a choice.

M. de L***** had been in some small degree involved in the conspiracy of Mallet in 1812. Pursued by the police he found it necessary to beat two agents who had been instructed to arrest him, and he had been arraigned before the tribunals for this offence, and condemned to a month's imprisonment. Being marked as a dangerous character, he had reason to fear every day a new arrest, and consequently carefully concealed himself. "I am known to the police," he said to the committee. "It is not with them that I will act. I will seek a position in which my person shall be unknown."

M. de L—— passed the night between the 30th and 31st of March at the house of a member of the committee, named Morin, in company with an old captain of the consular guard; and it was with these two persons that he matured his plan.

The 31st of March, at day-break, M. de L——, armed with two pair of pistols, proceeded, accompanied by M. Morin and the officer of the consular guard, to the Hotel-de-Ville. He passed, without encountering any obstacle, by the post of the national guard, and, without replying to any of the questions addressed to him by the attendants, entered the *cabinet* of the prefect. M. de Chabrol had gone to the house of M. de Montalivet, minister of the Interior, for the purpose of assisting at a meeting of the mayors of Paris.

"Where is the prefect?" said M. de L——, on entering, to a young secretary whom he saw in the cabinet.

"He is absent;—he is with the minister of the Interior."

"Who supplies his place here?"

"The secretary-general."

"Look for him, I have occasion to speak to him."

In an instant M. de Walknaer, the secretary-general arrived. He was unable to suppress a movement of fear on finding himself in the presence of a man of so ferocious an appearance, and whose half-opened coat permitted him to catch a sight of the knobs of two pistols.

"You are the secretary-general?" "Yes, sir."

"How is it that a prefect absents himself from his office at such a critical moment? M. de Chabrol is no longer prefect of the Seine: here is the new prefect."

"But, Sir——"

"Here is the new prefect," replied M. de L——, pointing to M. Morin; "if you are not disposed to obey him, to serve under him, you can retire. I will provide a person to fill your place."

"But, Sir, I do not refuse."

"Very well, Sir. The allied sovereigns have recognized his majesty Louis XVIII, King of France. This Prince will be proclaimed to-day. Here is the proclamation published in his name; here are some white cockades. Cause all those employed under you to put them on immediately, and dismiss instantly all who refuse to wear them. Go, I have to confer with the prefect."

M. de Walknaer having withdrawn, M. de L—— recommended M. Morin to exhibit an air of firmness and *sang-froid*, and left him to examine the situation of things without. M. Morin's first act was to despatch the proclamation, of which he had only two or three copies, to the printing office of the prefecture, ordering copies of it to be struck off and posted in every part of Paris.

On reaching the steps of the Hotel-de-Ville, M. de L—— observed a detachment of foreign troops on the Quay, at the head of which was a general. This person was General Baron Ploto, chief of the King of Prussia's staff. He was accompanied by the Count de Goltz, whom M. de L—— had known at Munster as aide-de-camp of Blucher, when that general commanded the line of demarcation. M. de L—— advanced to meet the detachment.

"Where are you going, general? What do you want?"

"I am looking for the magistrate, the prefect."

"I am the person, general, what do you desire?"

"I come to arrange with you for the passage of the troops, and the lodgings of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, of the King of Prussia, and the Princes, who accompany them."

"Have the goodness to follow me."

Baron Ploto dismounted, gave the bridle of his horse to a quarter-master, and, accompanied by two aides-de-camp, followed M. de L——, who introduced him into the grand saloon of the Hotel-de-Ville. "The secretary-general!" he demanded, on entering. They hastened to inform M. de Walknaer, who immediately presented himself.

"Here is a general who comes to make arrangements with us for the passage of the troops, and the lodgings of the sovereigns. It is important that the necessary measures should be immediately taken. Whose business is it?"

"It is the duty of M. Monnet, Chief of division."

"Have him called."

M. Monnet arrives; and M. de L——, after exchanging a few words with the general, informs him that the Emperor of Russia desired to fix himself in the Champs Elysées, the Emperor of Austria on the Boulevards, and the King of Prussia in the *faubourg* St. Germain. M. Monnet informed them that the designation of the lodgings was an affair of the corporation authorities; and was about to say something else, when M. de L——, who felt the value of time, interrupted him suddenly:—

"Come with us, Sir."

On descending, M. de L—— observed in the courtyard a carriage waiting;—it was M. de Chabrol's, which M. de Walknaer was about to send in great haste for him. On a sign from M. de L—— the coachman drove up at the foot of the steps;—a domestic opened the door;—M. de L—— caused the general to enter, placed himself by his side and pointed to the front seat, inviting M. Monnet to occupy it. The coachman was ordered to proceed to No. 36, *rue de l'Echiquier*: he set off followed by a detachment of foreign troops.

The members of the royalist committee were waiting with the deepest anxiety.

"My friends," said M. de L—— on entering, "I have succeeded;—the national guard is paralyzed;—Morin is at the Hotel-de-Ville where I have established him as prefect;—I have a Prussian general with me in a carriage which belongs to I know not whom;—he believes me a high officer;—I will profit by him as far as I find necessary before he is disabused."

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!"

A member of the committee offered to accompany M. de L——.

"Take a basket of white cockades, some proclamations, and follow me."

M. de L—— returned to the carriage, and informed the general that the member of the committee was one of his agents. They then proceeded to the *faubourg* St. Honoré, in which the mayoralty of the first *arrondissement* is still situated.

In crossing the Boulevards near the *Madeleine*, M. de L—— observed a collection of people; he had the carriage stopped, and addressed a warm discourse to the crowd that surrounded him. He informed them that the allied powers had recognized Louis XVIII, and he invited them to join him in crying *vive le roi*! He affected to appeal to general Ploto, who, understanding French but imperfectly, replied by a gesture of affirmation. Cries of *vive le roi*! were then heard among the crowd. He distributed some proclamations, threw out a handful of white cockades, closed the door, and ordered the driver to proceed.

On his arrival at the mayoralty, before occupying himself with the business of the general, M. de L—— proclaimed the acknowledgment of Louis XVIII, and compelled those connected with the mayoralty to put on the white cockade. The Elysée-Bourbon having been selected as the most suitable lodging for the Em-

peror of Russia, M. de L—— ordered the apartments to be immediately prepared, and taking with him the Prussian general, proceeded to the mayoralty of the 10th *arrondissement*, in the faubourg St. Germain. On the *place du Carrousel* he renewed the scene that had been acted on the Boulevards. A singular obstacle presented itself on this occasion, when he was addressing the crowd that had been drawn together by the strangeness of his escort. M. de L—— was inviting them to cry with him *vive le roi! vive Louis XVIII!* when a woman approached very near him, and replied with energy—"No, I will not!" M. de L—— was thunder-struck. "If it had been a man," he said to me, "I would have killed him." The desired effect had, however, been produced; the cry had been repeated by the great majority, and the white cockades were accepted.

On ascending the stairway of the mayoralty of the 10th *arrondissement*, M. de L—— encountered M. Piault, the son-in-law of the mayor, going out in the dress of a national guard. He had long been acquainted with him.

"Where are you going, sir, in this dress? Do you wish to have Paris pillaged? Are you ignorant that Louis XVIII has been recognized by the allied sovereigns?"

"My dear M. L——, I know nothing about it."

"In this case, you are the only person in Paris uninformed of the fact. At least take this cockade, it will save you from any personal danger."

The cockade was accepted; but M. de L—— saw, from the window, that it had been almost instantly thrown into the street.

The mayor was in his *cabinet* when M. de L——, who had left General Plottho in the saloon, entered the former. "Well, Louis XVIII is recognized!"

"Indeed! M. de L——? and how did you learn it?"

"There is a Prussian general in the saloon who will inform you. Let us proceed; you must pronounce yourself. You ought to give an example."

"But I don't know whether I can."

"Pronounce your determination, or I shall be obliged to supersede you."

"I have never been opposed to the Bourbons—I am very willing that they should return. I was a quartermaster under Louis XVI."

"So much the better—so much the better," replied M. de L——; "you will enjoy an advancement. But announce the acknowledgment of Louis XVIII to the officers in your employment, make them take the white cockade, and publish the proclamation, of which I will give you a copy."

"It shall be done. I am willing—I am willing."

"But let us occupy ourselves at first with the lodgings of his majesty the King of Prussia, who has selected your part of the city," &c.

The same scene was re-enacted in several of the mayoralties of Paris.

Thus the name of Louis XVIII had been pronounced in Paris, the white cockade had been displayed, and a royalist proclamation had been posted, and all had been the work of sixty-six persons, or rather of a single man! Was not this, under more favorable circumstances, the very conspiracy of Mallet?

We left M. Morin a prefect of the creation of M. de L——, and the old captain of the consular guard, at

the Hotel de Ville. During his excursion with General Plottho, M. de L—— could give them no news of himself. He had to abandon them to themselves, and to reckon only upon their courage and firmness. Receiving no intelligence of what was going on, and hearing no shouts in the streets, M. Morin became seriously alarmed. He felt that he should, in the case of failure, be in the situation of General Lahorie, when the Duke of Rovigo, delivered from prison, returned to the hotel of the police to arrest his *improvised* successor. To remain inactive, under such circumstances, was a deplorable alternative; and M. Morin, in the state of ignorance in which he found himself, of everything out of doors, was condemned to do so at any moment M. de Chabrol might return, and thus precipitate the *dénouement* of the comedy. M. Morin had summoned the secretary-general; but M. de Walknaer, recovered from his surprise, had hurried off to the office of the Minister of the Interior, to inform him and M. de Chabrol of what had just occurred.

After waiting an hour and a half, M. Morin at last determined to act; and he stole quietly off, and with the old officers of the consular guard, left the Hotel de Ville, and gained the quays for the purpose of proceeding to the Tuileries, to see if anything was going on there. On the *place de Grève* they met a member of the royalist committee, also in search of news. His name was Berryer, though no relation of the deputy of the same name. He joined them; and the three, each having a white cockade, commenced their march. They proceeded without molestation, until they reached the elevation near the Louvre, when they were observed by a patrol of the national guard, commanded by an officer of the name of Lelièvre, who arrested them, tore off their cockades, trampled them under their feet, and prepared to conduct the three prisoners to a military station. In the confusion produced by the arrest, M. Berryer succeeded in escaping, and commenced running over Paris, looking for M. de L——, to inform him of the misfortune of his prefect, and of the attendant he had given him.

The patrol which had arrested M. Morin, belonged to the station of the mayoralty of the 3rd *arrondissement*, *place des Petits-Pères*. To this place were the prisoners conducted. Before they were locked up, M. Morin found means to enter into conversation with the commander of the post, to whom he announced the acknowledgment of Louis XVIII by the allied sovereigns, and the approaching entry of a Prince of the Bourbon family into Paris, as a positive fact. The commander began to be alarmed at the thought of his having proceeded too far, and wishing to secure himself a protector, he promised M. Morin to permit him to escape as soon as he could do so, without attracting the notice of his men. Having a little while afterwards displaced a sentinel, M. Morin and the other prisoner were allowed to escape by a window of the prison, opening on the *place*.

M. Berryer had rejoined M. de L—— at the mayoralty of the 10th *arrondissement*; and had informed him, in a few words, of the arrest of M. Morin. M. de L—— immediately addressed himself to General Plottho.

"General, I have just learnt that the agent whom I left in my place at the Hotel de Ville, has been arrested

by a band of insurgents. Bonaparte is still at Fontainebleau, the national guard of Paris is numerous, and we shall have everything to fear, if we do not take energetic measures in favor of the Bourbons, and of public repose. I pray you be so good as to sign an order for setting at liberty M. Morin, prefect of the Seine, and for replacing him at the head of his administration."

The general signed it without hesitation. They might have made him sign an order to set fire to the four corners of Paris with as little difficulty.

Thus the first blow had been struck. A great step had been accomplished. The success of this day (it was a great success not to have failed) would naturally add powerful auxiliaries to the royalist committee. The danger was passed; the foreign armies had entered Paris; from all sides came forth the chiefs of the party, who had disdainfully repulsed the overtures of M. de Semallé: men who had only appeared the morning after the victory, but who wished to gather its fruits. The cries of *vive Louis XVIII!* but rarely heard on the 31st of March, had become much more frequent on the 1st of April, at the moment that the Russian imperial guard defiled along the Boulevards.

And yet the allied Princes had not pronounced themselves; after having declared that they would not treat again with Bonaparte, they waited the development of events. The Emperor of Russia had proclaimed his intention of respecting the constitution that France might choose for herself.

After the first successes of the royalist committee at No. 36, in the *rue de l'Echiquier*, a second committee had been formed at the house of Madam de Morfontaine, daughter of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau. This was an aristocratic royalist committee. Nearly everything had been terminated, when they set themselves to discussing the question, who ought to be called to the throne. Count Ferrand spoke in favor of the Bourbons, and proposed that they should address themselves to the senate. From all sides exclamations of, *no, no—no senate!* broke forth; and it was determined that a deputation should be sent to the Emperor of Russia. This deputation composed of Count Ferrand, the Duke of Larochehoucauld, Doudauville, Châteaubriand, de Laferté-Méum and Semallé was not received by the Emperor Alexander himself. M. de Nesselrode was deputed to meet the committee, and he announced the favorable dispositions of the Emperor.

Already the power of the press was understood. Only five journals were then published in Paris; but these were sufficient to give public opinion a direction that might overturn all the plans of the royalist committees. M. de L—— was on his guard. Presented by his new friend, General Plottho, he had been received with great kindness by General Sacken, governor of Paris. He received a magnificent certificate of his royalism from this gentleman. (*See appendix No. 4.*) General Plottho gave him to understand that M. de L—— was a man who could be relied on, endowed with great energy, and that he might be of the greatest service. In a council at which Prince Wolkonski assisted, it was decided that M. de L—— should be associated with the governor of Paris. As soon as he entered upon the duties of his office, he obtained an order appointing M. Morin censor-general of all the journals, with express orders to every editor to print

nothing without written authority from the supreme director of the press. (*See appendix No. 5.*)

All the imperial censors, with the exception of the one attached to the *Moniteur*, were put aside. M. Morin substituted them by Messrs. Demersan, for the *Journal des Debats*; Salgues, for the *Journal de Paris*; and Michaud, for the *Gazette de France*.

Everything being thus prepared, it is easy to understand the facility with which the restoration was effected. That part of the population which had been deceived, precipitated itself before a new power, which it was told was recognized and proclaimed, and in which every one saw the dispenser of favors. The authorities followed the impulse given by this part of the population; and the allied sovereigns, deceived in their turn, yielded to what appeared the unanimous wish of France.

The departments had pronounced themselves before Paris; those of the south particularly, where the Duke d'Angoulême had showed himself in the suite of the army of the Duke of Wellington. The department of Gironde, as soon as the telegraph had transmitted to it the news of the entry of the foreign armies into Paris, sent a deputation to Prince Talleyrand, president of the provisional government. This deputation was charged to ask the recall of the Bourbons. But in these departments the unanimity was exhibited under the same forms as at Paris. There, as at Paris, it was an imperceptible minority, but a minority triumphing under the protection of foreign bayonets, dictating the law to an immense majority, but to a majority paralyzed by terror.

In proportion to the occupation of the cities of France by the armies of the enemy, the royalists pronounced themselves in favor of the Bourbons. At Troyes there were two who had the courage, in the presence of the Russians, to resume the cross of Saint Louis; but they wore it by a gold chain, the red ribbon, according to them, having been *dishonored* by the Legion of Honor. The Russians beat a retreat after the battle of Montereau: one of the two *chevaliers* of Saint Louis departed with the head quarters of the Emperor Alexander; the other could not determine to abandon his wife, who entreated him, on her knees, not to leave her. Tried by a military commission, he was condemned to death and shot. After his death, his *inconsolable* widow was twice re-married.

One would think that the restoration had, doubtless, shown itself generously grateful to the men who thus exposed themselves in its service. Henry IV, that Prince who has been called the best of Kings, said, "*I have no occasion to purchase my friends.*" This was also the maxim of his descendants. M. Morin, conspirator, prefect of the Seine for some hours, censor-general of the journals, afterwards chief of the first division in the department of the minister of police, &c. &c., died almost literally of hunger. M. de L——, charged with the most important missions at the commencement of the restoration, a royal commissioner for the purpose of procuring the acknowledgment of the Bourbons, an envoy to Orleans, to take possession of the imperial treasure, and the diamonds of the crown, charged in 1815 to excite several departments, was never enabled to get the expenses of his voyage reimbursed, nor to obtain the retiring salary due to his rank.

THE FISHERMAN OF VENICE.

For the Tale upon which is founded the following little Poem, the reader is referred to "Sketches of Venetian History," vol. I. p. 181. It will be found to be nearly the same with that here offered him in verse.

The hoary-headed Fisherman
In the Doge's Palace stands,
To the guardians of the Treasury,
Bearing St. Mark's commands—
And holding there a massive ring,
He bade them note it well,
As token of a victory
Over the powers of Hell.
"Last night," the ancient man began,
"By the Riva of St. Mark,
From thundering waves that wild rushed by,
I moored my crazy bark—
And gazing on the blackening sky,
I said, in deep dismay,
'Here will I shun the angry flood,
Until the dawn of day.'
And foaming on with snowy crests,
The waves roared hoarsely past;
And the dirge of many shipwreck'd souls
Came screaming on the blast.
'St. Mark! It is a fearful night!'
Thus cowering down, I said;
'Fiends seem to rule the stormy flood—
A night to wake the dead!'
'Well spoke! Well spoke!' and at my side,
Robed in a mantle dark;
Now first I found a stately form,
Of a moulding tall and stark.
'Well spoke! A night to rouse the dead
From their silent cells below;
For they have work this night to do,
Holy and high I trow.
But haste! Unmoor thy little bark—
I seek San Giorgios' shore;
And I have chosen thine aged arm
To speed my passage o'er.'
'Now God forbid!' I cried aloud,
As the stormy wind swept by;
'No boat may live upon the wave,
And the tempest roars on high.
I would not tempt the waters' wrath
For a noble's state and store—
For he who trusts the sea to-night,
Will reach the land no more!'
'Oh, weak of faith!' the stranger said;
And his voice fell on my ear
With the persuasive melody
Of a flute, breathed soft and clear.
'Oh, weak of faith! A thousand storms
Were powerless all to harm;
Guided to do their purposed work
By God's Almighty arm.
Push out—for in that Holy Name,
I seal thee safe from ill—
And we shall reach San Giorgios' strand,
A mission to fulfil.'
Then, by some hidden power impell'd,
I might not read aright,
I launched my feeble boat again
Into the wrathful night.

The storm-wind cried, and foamed the sea,
And the black clouds lowering hung—
Creak'd the frail timbers of my bark,
As o'er the flood she sprung—
Now high into the howling heaven,
Upon the waves' white crest.
And now we sank in the cavern'd gloom,
Where the sea-wrecks silent rest.
And now we labor'd in the face
Of the wild and reckless wind—
And now we sped like an arrow's flight,
Leaving the land behind.
And hushed I sat, and powerless all
The bark to guide aright;
But he who then companioned me,
Seem'd to control her flight.
Brief time endured our rapid race
With wind, and storm, and flood,
Ere safe upon San Giorgios' strand
My bold companion stood.
'And rest thee here, a little space,
'Thou aged and weary man.'
Thus spake he then, and vanished straight
In the night-gloom thick and wan.
And there I paused a silent space,
Until the Form returned—
When at his side mine aged eyes
Another shape discerned.
Then both were seated in my boat,
And bade me leave the shore,
And fearless to San Nicolo
Attempt the passage o'er.
And now the hurrying night-winds howl'd,
As with the wild fiend's voice—
And the angry sea to white foam lash'd,
Seemed maddened by the noise;
And the boat dash'd on, all recklessly
Dancing above—below—
And o'er the roaring element
Hurl'd wildly, to and fro.
'Fear not! fear not!' the strangers cried,
When my heart grew sick with dread—
Then, nerved anew, I looked abroad,
As on our way we sped.
The heavy foldings of the clouds
Seem'd resting on the sea;
And urged through darkness, mist, and spray,
Like a free bird, on sped we.
And as San Nicolo we neared,
My comrades sprang on shore;
And I was left in waiting there,
Darkling and lone, once more.
But once again they sought my bark—
And now another form
Came forth our voyage to partake—
Our war with sea and storm.
'Launch forth again,' the stranger cried,
(He of the voice divine)
'And seek the Lido's castled shore,—
A guerdon rich is thine.'
And now, three shadowy shapes my freight,
I dared the waves again—
But o'er me fell wild recklessness
Of storm, and sky, and main.
Then leaped my light bark to the race,

Cleaving the black night fast,
 And quivering on in every plank,
 The raging foam she chased
 From wave to wave, that roared aloud,
 As clear and keen she past.
 And now the strait we gained—and lo!
 A galley flying came—
 Preceded by a fiery breath—
 A galley wreathed with flame:
 The masts seem'd pillars of clear fire—
 The ropes intensely red—
 And sheets of flame, that served for sails,
 Free to the storm were spread.
 And devils black, with treacherous eyes,
 All gleam and keen deceit;
 I marked them well, Oh! Signors, then,
 And saw their cloven feet!
 And these were hurrying to and fro,
 About the Ship of Hell,
 And glowing tridents flourishing,
 Working some grievous spell.
 And still they threatened, as they came,
 To sink the city down
 Into the dark and cavern'd deeps,
 Where shipwreck'd wretches drown.
 And, as I looked through the gloomy air,
 I saw the red hot glow,
 Cast from the black fiend's ship of fire,
 Over all Venice flow.
 And methought I saw our anchor'd isles
 Rock straining o'er the wave—
 And a black gulf yawn to seize the state,
 That only God might save.
 And then, in deep despair, I shut
 My pained eyes from the sight;
 And muffled in my cloak my head,
 In grieved and wild affright.
 But hark! I heard that voice again,
 And cast my cloak away—
 And the Three stood up, and cross'd themselves,
 And seem'd aloud to pray.
 And they conjured the mocking fiends,
 In the name of Christ and God,
 Till they rent their flaming garments off,
 And in helpless torments stood;
 And whilst they grinned in agony,
 Calm fell o'er sky and flood.
 And straight the flame sails, flaring wide,
 Burned faint and sickly blue;
 And the ship and cordage, waxing wan,
 Paled to that livid hue—
 And a sulphurous breath steam'd thick and hot,
 Over the dark night air,
 And their outlines less distinct became,
 And they howled in grim despair:
 And then, as if a thunderbolt
 Had sped along the sea,
 A crash—a yell—and all were gone—
 And lone and dark were we;
 And the rescued city stilly slept,
 Lulled in security.
 And now the winds past lightly on,
 And the waves curled gently by,
 And we floated to San Nicolo,
 Softly and silently.

And then one Form from out the Three
 Glided ashore, and past—
 And again to the scarcely heaving waves,
 My restless boat I cast.
 And at San Giorgios' strand we paused,
 And a second left the boat—
 And again, with my first companion bold,
 Was the weary bark afloat.
 'And, ere I land you, Signor brave,'
 Thus to the last I said,
 'I pray you that my guerdon fair
 May for my toil be paid;
 An aged and impoverished man,
 I rack these limbs for bread—
 And poor the home their pain supplies,
 Scarce shelter for my head.
 And he who hath the might to save,
 Hath riches to bestow;
 And the hand that wrought a miracle,
 May bless me ere I go.'
 'Right, friend,' the stately shape replied,
 'Thy toil shall well be paid—
 A blessing rest upon thy head!
 Thou hast Saint Mark to aid.
 Go to the Doge, and Signiory,
 And bid them note it well—
 The Saints have gained a victory
 O'er all the Powers of Hell.
 Tell them, Saint Mark, Saint Nicholas,
 And bold Saint George, to-night
 Have saved their city from the flood,
 Through God's protecting might.
 And tell them of thy peril past,
 And of the fiery sight;
 And say that one unholy Monk
 Hath made this work of pain
 Selling his soul unto the fiend,
 For earthly power and gain.
 And yesternight he hanged himself,
 In anguish late and vain—
 And thus the devil's power obtained,
 To work your city ill—
 Hence! claim your guerdon from the Doge,
 St. Mark will keep you still!'

'Sooth, Holy Saint, such tale,' I said,
 'I to the Doge may tell,
 Nor yet the nobles yield belief—
 The saints protect them well!
 And I shall buy but scoff and scourge,
 With all the Fiends of Hell!'

'Thy words are true,' the saint replied;
 And forth he drew this ring,
 'Go! bid them search the treasury,
 And thence its fellow bring—
 And if no match may there be found,
 Then, by this token known,
 They shall believe the miracle,
 And the foul fiend overthrown!'

Then spake the Doge and nobles all,
 'Go! search the treasury,
 And if the fellow-ring be found,
 The fisherman shall die;
 For none could take the signet thence,
 By force or treachery.'
 And well they searched the treasury—

They searched it through and through;
 No fellow-ring could there be found—
 The old man's tale was true!
 * * * * *
 Now easy lived the Fisherman,
 At every Rio's side;
 Soft sped his hours, and Venice gold
 His careless age supplied.
 And every eve the mariners
 Gathered the sire around,
 And still, each time his tale was told,
 Some vaster marvel found.
 And monks and nobles thronged the street—
 A royal pageant they—
 With banners cast abroad to heaven,
 In proud and long display—
 Led by the Prince, they swept along,
 To pay thanksgivings meet,
 To the Three Saints of the Hundred isles—
 Old Venice wave-girt seat.
 And as they passed the streets along,
 Crowds gathered on their way—
 "Saint Mark! Saint Nicholas! Saint George!
 Hosanna!" thus cried they;
 And the loud populace replied,
 "Hosanna!" on that day.

T. H. E.

CONSTANTINE:
 OR, THE REJECTED THRONE.

—
 IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.
 —

By the Author of "Sketches of Private Life and Character of
 William H. Crawford."

CHAPTER X.

If misfortune comes,
 She brings along the bravest virtues, and makes ambition
 E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune.

Thomson.

For thee alone these little charms I dress'd—
 For thee again shall they be laid aside;
 For thee the woman shall put off her pride.

Prior.

The empress and empress-mother were such women as are seldom met with in their exalted rank. In the school of adversity they both had learned those lessons of humanity which dissipate the splendid illusions of grandeur, and by their own experience, had proved its insufficiency for happiness. Fondly and devotedly attached to the Emperor, the gentle and virtuous Elizabeth was exposed to the most severe of all sufferings for a heart of sensibility—the estranged affections of her husband; and to this affliction, was added the mortification of being obliged to receive at court the object by whom those affections had been estranged, and perhaps, the still greater mortification of seeing her a mother, while she herself remained without the joy and pride of maternity. Incidents like these are perhaps too common in the higher orders of society, to be classed by worldly minds among the misfortunes of life; but it should be remembered, that joy and sorrow take their

rise in the heart, and are independent of external circumstances. Pain and pleasure are not the inherent qualities of any object whatever, but arise from the disposition or the sensibility of the individuals on whom these objects act; as material substances derive their form and color from the medium through which they are seen, so do the circumstances of life derive their power of inflicting grief or joy from our natural temperament. Thus, to a woman of Elizabeth's retiring, gentle, and affectionate disposition, the splendors of royalty had few charms, and afforded no compensation for the absence of domestic happiness. She lived very retired, and found in literature and the duties of benevolence, the best alleviation for unavoidable misfortune.

The empress-mother had passed through a severe, and a much longer course of trials. Continual prosperity hardens the heart, as continual sunshine hardens the soil; it is from dark clouds that those showers descend, which fertilize the earth—it is from sorrow and suffering those tears flow, which, by softening the human heart, call into exercise all its kindest sympathies and purest virtues. Like that tree which yields not its balsam to heal the wounds of others, until itself is wounded, we cannot suffer for others, until we ourselves have suffered. Taught in the school of adversity, Mary had learned the divine art of relieving the distressed and comforting the afflicted. The activity and extent of her benevolence were almost incredible. Large institutions were founded for the relief of poverty and its concomitant evils, over which she watched with the assiduity of a mother. Every week she visited these hospitals, tasting the food of the sick—standing by the bed-side of those who had contagious diseases, although she admitted none of her attendants to approach; careful for their health, though fearlessly exposing her own—soothing the disquieted, and encouraging the dejected, by her cheering presence and tender sympathy. To these asylums for suffering humanity, were added institutions for the education of females. These seminaries were munificently endowed, and exclusively under her own direction, and it was one of her chief delights to visit them. Here she was received by the pupils, who thronged round her, with the fondness and gladness with which a beloved parent is received by her children. Her every hour had its allotted task of generous duty; and often, after a day of activity and fatigue, in order to promote the innocent enjoyment of the young persons of her court, she would give a ball, or join in the pastimes suited to their age and condition.

What a contrast did this pious and virtuous princess exhibit, to the voluptuous and luxurious Catherine! We must admire the genius and greatness of one, but we love and venerate the goodness of the other.

The Emperor was likewise distinguished for his general benevolence, and rendered himself popular and beloved by his affable and conciliating manners. Dispensing with the former servile homage of the subjects of the Czars, and the ostentatious parade of past reigns, he habitually walked the streets without guards or even attendants, and might have passed for a private gentleman, had it not been for the voluntary respect and uncovered heads of all who met him. He was an accomplished and good prince, though not a great man.

The court of St. Petersburg was no longer the most brilliant of Europe; but without dispute, the imperial family was the most virtuous and most happy of any other sovereign. Constantine might be considered as an exception: his conduct had been such as to afflict one of the best of mothers; but she looked on the past with pity, as well as reprehension, and hoped, in making him happy, she should make him virtuous.

Had the Elector been aware of these changes in the manners and dispositions of the court and reigning family of Russia, he would have been spared the cruel apprehensions he felt on the score of his misfortunes, as he would have enjoyed the consciousness that intrinsic merit, and not the adventitious advantages of fortune, obtained, in the court of Alexander, the distinctions for which he sighed.

He and his family were relieved in a manner that could not fail to dissipate his anxiety and gratify his warmest wishes.

The plea of extreme fatigue and consequent indisposition, saved Amelia from the necessity of accompanying the Countess Sophia on her first interview with the royal family; but she promised to make her appearance the next evening at the public reception that was then to take place. She felt it impossible longer to trespass on the indulgence of her guardian, or the empress-mother, who had reluctantly acquiesced in her desired absence from the first presentation. The impatience of Constantine could scarcely be restrained, and had he not been overruled, he would have forced himself into her presence in her own apartment. He had persuaded himself, that in regard to the picture, the painter only had been to blame; and confiding in the eloquent descriptions of Count Alexius, hoped to find in the Princess all his fancy had pictured—all his heart desired. His impetuous temper was still further chafed by the absence of the Count, who, although he had preceded the Elector on his journey, had not yet arrived. The circumstance was as inexplicable as vexatious. Little accustomed to disappointment or opposition, he could with difficulty control his irritated feelings, or yield to circumstances opposed to his wishes.

The evening, as impatiently desired by him, and as equally dreaded by Amelia, arrived. Count Alexius, too, had come, and had satisfactorily explained his delay to his master, by showing his wounded arm, still supported in a sling; he had been thrown from his horse, and by this accident, detained some days on the road: but Constantine would not allow the state of his arm to be a sufficient excuse for his absence on this important evening, though Alexius had eagerly pleaded for permission to remain in his own apartment.

He was anxious to avoid a scene in which he took too deep an interest, lest an irrepressible agitation might betray his secret sentiments. Having relinquished the fond hopes the Princess had encouraged, he resolved, if possible, to avoid again seeing her whom he now felt certain could never realize the promise she had made; for now that she was in St. Petersburg, he looked upon her destiny as fixed, and determined immediately to obtain permission to join his regiment, and thus to escape the sight of this interesting victim to policy and ambition.

Meanwhile the dreaded hour approached. Anxious and perturbed, Amelia commenced the preparations for

her evening's appearance. Her cousin, solicitous to adorn her to the greatest advantage, desired to preside at her toilette—but Amelia absolutely declined her proffered services, and insisted on Teresa's being her sole assistant. Filled with alarm and apprehension by the strange and wayward temper the unhappy girl had for some time exhibited, the Countess feared, by opposition, to excite an irritation of nerves which would incapacitate her for the duties of the evening, and therefore yielded, though most unwillingly, to her requisition. In compliment to the occasion, it had been determined that Amelia should be arrayed in the Russian costume. A close velvet cap, covered with diamonds, and a robe of materials equally rich and splendid, had accordingly been prepared. The fashion of this national dress was extremely unbecoming, as it concealed the neck, arms and hair; but the Countess, by some slight variations, had improved its general effect, and hoped by its splendor to counteract its disadvantages.

When the Princess descended from her dressing-room, which was not until the latest possible minute, when the carriage had been several times announced, and her uncle and cousin long and impatiently waited for her, she was enveloped in a cloak and veil, which, on the plea of indisposition, she refused to part with until she reached the room opening into the grand saloon. Here, as the doors were flung open, she threw off her envelope, took the arm of the Elector and hurried forward;—the Countess followed—but what was her dismay, to behold Amelia, as the flood of light poured on her, dressed indeed in the Russian habit, but one of the most unbecoming form and color, and divested of all ornament whatever. A close black velvet cap was drawn low down on her forehead, entirely concealing its fine proportions and alabaster whiteness. Her robe of dark velvet buttoned tight up to her throat, and the sleeves down to her wrists. She advanced in the most awkward manner—stooping, looking down, and faltering, and on bending to kiss the hand of the empress, she stumbled, and would have fallen, had not the empress-mother, with her characteristic benevolence, caught her in her arms, and changed the intended salutation, into a cordial embrace. The whole imperial family were present, and Constantine, one of the foremost to receive the bride elect. As she was released from the arms of his mother, to receive the salutations of the rest of the family, she stood motionless as a statue—looking as stupid as an idiot; made no return to the civilities offered her, and without the slightest return of courtesy, sat down in the seat nearest her. She had withdrawn her soul, as it were, from her face, and left it as void of expression or intelligence as if she was bereft of life. The attention of the Emperor and Empress was for a while diverted from her, by their reception of the Elector and the Countess Sophia, who with inimitable grace and dignity, performed her part, replying with grace and spirit to the inquiries of their majesties about her journey and health.

But Constantine—what were his feelings on beholding her to whom he had erected a shrine in his heart—who had been the bright object of his visions by day, and his dreams by night. Even the portrait, which he had persuaded himself belied the original—even that was pleasing, compared to the form he now beheld. The rayless eye—the pale lips—the colorless cheeks—

the raised shoulders, and rigid form, devoid of all grace—the awkward and idiot-like stupidity of her whole appearance and manners, altogether, presented an object so revolting, that he turned away in disgust, and hurried from the apartment in a paroxysm of rage no words can describe. Count Alexius beheld this metamorphosis with an astonishment equalled only by his transports of love and joy—for in one moment he unravelled the mystery—he solved the enigma that had so long puzzled him.

"Oh, most rare and excellent creature!" he exclaimed to himself, "how fervent must be that love that could have prompted such an artifice—and is it for me you sacrifice the triumph your beauty would have gained? a greater sacrifice for a woman to make than the rejection of an offered throne!"

He withdrew to a corner of the saloon, where, unobserved by the courtiers, who were intent on the scene before them, he watched with intense anxiety what would next ensue.

After conversing a few minutes with the Elector and the Countess Sophia, the empress-mother took a seat beside the Princess, and tried, by her kind attentions, to re-assure her young guest, attributing her manners at least to excessive timidity; but vain were her efforts. She might as well have addressed herself to an automaton. Not a word passed the compressed lips of Amelia—not a ray of intelligence beamed from her eyes—not an expression of any kind varied her countenance; she leaned back in her chair, and with her looks fixed on vacancy, seemed neither to see nor hear. The Countess approached, and in low tones expostulated with her—but in vain; the same immobility of form and face remained. She then turned to the empress-mother, and addressing her, accounted for the situation of her kinswoman, by attributing it to the effect of long indisposition, extreme fatigue of the journey, but especially an excessive timidity, originating in the seclusion from society in which she had been brought up. Her majesty was too kind, as well as too polite, to shew any doubt of the causes assigned by the Countess, and after another ineffectual attempt to animate the statue-like Princess, turned her attention exclusively to the Countess, who endeavored, by her own conversational powers, to divert observation from her obstinate and inexplicable cousin. The Elector, on his part, was making the same efforts to persuade the Emperor and Empress, that the appearance and manners of the Princess were entirely owing to her late illness and her excessive diffidence and modesty; taking on himself the blame of having kept her too long in seclusion from public society. His explanations were graciously received, and while regret for her present embarrassment was kindly expressed, hopes were added that a few days of rest would restore her looks; and familiarity with the new situation in which she was placed render her easy and happy.

Meanwhile, whispered remarks of astonishment and disappointment circulated through the circle, mingled with ironical observations and cutting sarcasms, on the artifice practised by the Elector, who had thus sought to palm his half-deformed, half-idiot niece on the presumptive heir of the crown. Some young men plied Count Alexius with inquiries into the motives that could have induced him to lend himself to such a decep-

tion; and others, pretending to think he had no such design, rallied him on his exquisite taste in beauty. He could only assure them, that they could not be more surprised at the appearance of the Princess than himself—that he had practised no deceit—that her ill-looks were occasioned solely by sickness and fatigue, and her awkwardness by a delicacy and sensibility which he considered her greatest attractions. They laughed incredulously at these assertions, and continued to banter him on his taste for female charms, until growing impatient under their raillery, and incapable of concealing his irritation, he took the first opportunity that offered, to escape unperceived from the company, and retreated to his own apartment.

TO LEILA.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Leila, thou fly'st me, like a dove,
When I pursue thee with my love;
I give thy speed of wings to thee,
Then wherefore should'st thou fly from me?

Whene'er thou meet'st me, in thy cheeks
The rose's blush thy fear bespeaks—
Beneath my glance that rose-blush grows,
And he should reap, alone, who sows.

Sweet Leila, sporting in the shade,
I watch thee long, beloved maid—
Ah! set mine eyes thy prisoner's free,
Or make thine own my jailers be.

And wherefore kiss yon budding flow'r—
To kiss thee back it hath no pow'r!
Should'st thou bestow such kiss on me,
I should not thus ungrateful be.

Deep in the fountain, clad in grace,
Thy white arms plash with fond embrace;
The fountain clasps thee not again—
Thou should'st not clasp me thus in vain.

JAMES M. COX.

TO MEMORY.

Oh! Memory, register of feelings, thoughts, words
deeds; thou magician with mighty power, who maketh
the past present, who conjureth up the images of things
long buried, and cheateth the mind with seeming forms
of reality, imparting joy or woe, but even joy mingled
with grief,—how shall I call thee—friend or foe to man—
angel or fiend, or both?

Thou lovest to torture the mind with cruel torments.
Grief, regret, and melancholy, anguish, remorse, and despair,
in thy train attendant, consume with savage joy,
the miserable victims marked out by thee for woe.
Neither childhood, nor youth, nor age; no rank, no
sex, no place, nor time escape thee. In the midst of
revelry, thou art there—grinning with malignant joy,
at hearts sinking, quailing, trembling under the hellish

glare of thine eye, whose deadly beams poison the cup of mirth, while thy frown terrific turns gladness into sorrow, pleasure into misery.

Ask the pale virgin, why she pines with grief—why the reose of her cheek, the brightness of her eye, the lightness of her heart, have all disappeared? Memory haunts her, sleeping or awake—the memory of her love, and her lover, whose voice can never again be heard, whose manly countenance never again be seen.

Why stops the youth in the full career of pleasure? The memory of past sorrow appears, and appals him.

The parent weeps incessant tears for some departed child, and cannot be comforted. The child mourns through life the loss of that parent, whose place can never be filled, whose friendly aid, whose kind advice, whose love, inextinguishable but by death, can never, never again be experienced.

Age is bent down under the accumulated sorrows of years, which memory still preserves in all their freshness.

The proud, the ambitious, the great—these perhaps, escape thy chilling presence, oh Memory! No—these are thy chosen victims. Thou delightest to torture them, with thy most refined torments—the recollection of bright prospects blasted, of glory obscured, of deeds of guilt—treachery, oppression, injustice, and crime. Remorse kindles a hell around them. Ah! how they writhe, and curse thee, Memory, and pray for some Lethean stream to wash away the impressions thou hast made. Will no kind hand present a draught of that dark stream, which brings on the sweet sleep of oblivion? Remorse, anguish and despair, never leave their victim until death. Death is his only refuge.

But it is not always thus. Thou art sometimes kind. Who does not bless thee, Memory, for the remembrance of the golden days of childhood and youth? when the morning was fair, without a spot, without a cloud,—when the beams of joy and innocence illumined every object around us—when music was more sweet, beauty more lovely, nature more attractive, the world far better than they ever will be again.

Who does not turn oft, oft to the scenes of his first and dearest love? Years have swept on, in their course, but I still see, in vivid freshness ('in my mind's eye, Horatio,') the dark flowing tresses, the bright black eye, the ruby cheek, the pearly teeth, the winning smile, the graceful motion, and faultless form of her I met, and loved in childhood. Though sadly pleasing, I love to cherish that image in my memory.

Friends! shall I forget thee, dearer than life, and the moments of rapturous delight I have spent with thee? Shall I forget the jest, the laugh, the sparkling bowl, the song, the flow of soul, and transport of delight, when all borne on the purple wings of wine, sailed aloft to heaven, and mingled with the stars?

But above all, thy best gift is the recollection of home, of a father's fireside—where even the cheerful blaze seems to partake of the joy of the little circle around it. That little circle whose law is love, whose interest the happiness of each, who think, feel, speak, and act as one. Fit emblem of Heaven! the only image of Heaven upon earth. But even these scenes of happiness sorrow invades. When enjoying them, we feel a keen pang of regret, that they must have an end, and when enjoyed, that they can never return.

LEGISLATIVE EPIGRAM.

To the Editor of the Messenger.

SIR,—It is the privilege of the occupants of the galleries, *during* the session, to wander at will over the floor, sit at the members' desks, in the speaker's chair, or any where else they please, *after or before* the sessions, of a certain distinguished parliamentary body.

Availing myself of that privilege, I, a few days ago, was sauntering along the hall in which those sessions are held, admiring the splendor of its arrangements and the magnificent proportions of its structure, when my eye happened to fall upon a bit of paper, lying on the floor, upon which seemed to be written something in the way of poetry.

Having a *penchant* for rhyming and rhymes, I took up the paper, and found its contents far too clever to be lost among the rubbish of a reporter's desk: and, disclaiming all knowledge of their object, while I would cordially recommend to the notice of your readers their epigrammatic point and keen wit, I have transcribed them for the pages of the Messenger.

It would seem that some member of the body had been attacking the reporters for doing him some injustice in reporting his speech for the press, and thereupon the epigram, (which I really think worthy of Swift or Pope,) was thrown off, and then—thrown away.

Yours, sir, truly,

October 1, 1837.

PHILOSTENO.

THE REPORTER TO THE MEMBER: AN EPIGRAM,

DEDICATED TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

BY STENOGRAPHICUS.

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

We "don't report you!" Pray, what mortal can Report a thing that's neither maid nor man?
A lady-gentleman, made up of sound,
Still ducking, bowing, curtsying, round and round!
Whose feeble rhetoric eternal steals
In polish'd sentences, like twisted eels:
A thing portentous, dreaded by the house,
Who fly his tongue, like Marlborough from a mouse:
A nuisance in debate, politely rude,
An endless, boundless, tedious, tiresome flood!

Report yourself! You'll please yourself, at least:
'Twill give your vanity a glorious feast!
Pray, don't omit the gestures, conn'd with art,—
Of all the speech they form the weightiest part!
Consult your glass, (a lady's constant friend!)
And study well the flutter, and the bend!
The chin projected, and the nodding head!
And view, with amorous eyes, a breech'd old maid!

A French Journalist translated Johnson's "Rambler" by "Le Chevalier Errant," and when it was corrected to L'Errant, a foreigner drank Johnson's health very innocently under the title of Monsieur Vagabond.